

# THE VALIANT SCOT.

By *J. W. Gent.*



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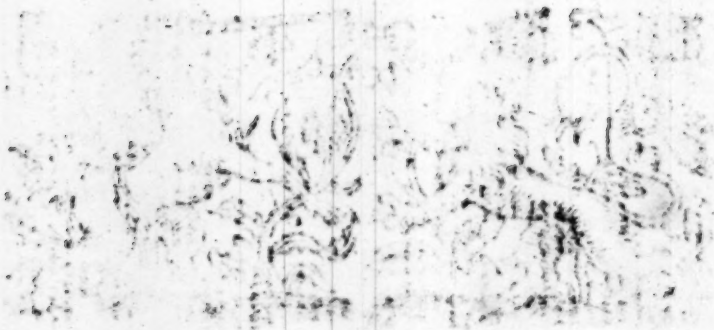
L O N D O N,

Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *John Waterston*, and are  
to be sold at his shop in *Pauls Church-yard*,  
at the signe of the Crown.

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THE  
VALLEY  
SCOT.

By J. M. Galt



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Printed by Thomas H. B. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London.  
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1837





To the right Honorable *James*, Mar-  
quesse *Hamilton*, Earle of *Cambridge*  
and *Arran*, Lord of *Even*, *Enner-*  
*dale* and *Arbroth*, Master of the  
Horse to his Majesty, Steward of the Ho-  
nour of *Hampton Court*, Gentleman of  
the Kings Bed-chamber, and Knight of  
the most noble Order of the Garter,  
*and one of his Majesties Privie*  
Councell in both King-  
domes.

Right Honorable,



*Ens actions have not their  
difference alwayes from the  
relation of their persons, for  
hee that presented his King  
with a dish of water, having  
nothing else, made the gift ac-  
ceptable. I would use the application to my selfe,*

having been one amongst your meanest followers  
in your Lordships practicall life of a Souldier:  
what I haue I bestow upon you, and doe hope  
though it be clothed in the light dressing of a  
Play, it will not be denied your Lordships accep-  
tance since it contains the Character which Hi-  
story hath left to Posterity of your own truly va-  
liant Countryman: I most humbly beg pardon for  
my boldnesse, and that I may continue knowne to  
your Lordship, at the becomming distance of  
your Honours truly honourer, and humblest ser-  
vant.

Your Lordships most humble

servant and Souldier,



William Bowyer:





Actus I.

Enter Hallerigge, Thorne, Selby, and  
Sir Ieoffrey VVilcaces.

Tho.

**H**ellow colleagues, since it hath pleas'd our  
King,  
Renowned *Edward*, of his speciall favour  
To speare us in this height of eminence,  
And maks vs rulers over *Scotland*,  
Lets shew our selves worthy the digni-  
Conferred upon us. (ties

*Sel.* That's not by lenity,  
For howsoere the armed hand of war  
Ha's made them ours, they are a Nation  
Haughty and full of spleen, and must be manag'd  
With straighter reins and rougher bitts.

*Tho.* Ahlas,  
I finde them easie, tractable and mild,  
Authority may with a slender twine  
Hold in the strongest head, then what needs tyranny,  
Vlerein or bitt, by this all doubts are cleer'd,  
'Tis alwayes better to be lov'd then fear'd?  
And by your leave, Sir *Thomas*,  
We have good reason to defend our own.

*Sel.* You are as cleer of danger, and as free from foes.

*Haf.* As he that holds a hungry wolfe by th' eares,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

The principles are true, trust not thy wife  
With secrets, nor thy vassall with thy life,  
Sound example proves it.

*Ieaf.* And private policy confirms it, I could urge reason why, shew cause, wherefore, and speake to purpose wherby, but my betters are in place, I know them to be pregnant, and a ready wit's worth all.

*Sel.* For our owne safeties then, and *Englands* honour,  
Let not us lose what our King hardly wonne.

*Haf.* To that effect called we this solemne meeting,  
To which we have summon'd divers chieffly *Wallace*,  
Late Sheriffe of *Ayre*, which office tho the King  
Conferred on me, the haughty *Scot* thinks much  
To tender up, observe his insolence.

*Enter Wallace, and takes his place.*

*Sel.* Presumptuous Groom, this is a seat for Eagles,  
And not for Haggards.

*O. Wal.* *Selbie*'tis a seat,  
I, and my Grandfires Grandfire have enjoyed  
And held with worship, and till *Edward*'s hand  
Remove me from't, *Wallace* will still posses't.

*Sel.* Proud *Wallace* dares not.

*O. Wal.* *Selbie*, both dares and doe,  
And must, and will, tho subject unto *Edward*,  
I me *Selbies* equall both in birth and place:  
Tho in mine Office, *Edward* joyn'd you with me,  
He never made you ruler over me.

*Haf.* You'le finde he did, reade that Commission,  
And tell me then, if *Selby* or your self,  
Be Sheriffe of *Ayre*.

*O. Wal.* To what my King commands  
I humbly bend, resigning on my knee  
Both Staffe and Office.

*Sel.* Which thus *Selby* breaks

Over



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Over thy head, and now proud Sir acknowledge  
Selby your Ruler, and with your place resigne  
Your Castle and your Lands.

*O. Wal.* That's not inserted in your Commission.  
What the King has given I surrender,  
For my Lands they'r still mine own,  
Were purchas'd with the sweat of my dear Ancestors,  
And ere I lose a pole, a foot, or the smallest turfe a silly  
Larke may build on, He lose life.

*Sel.* At your own choice, either your lands or life,  
Or both.

*O. Wal.* Or neither, royall *Edwards* mercy  
Sits above *Selbies* malice.

*Sel.* Surly Groom,  
Mercie's for subjects, by what Evidence,  
Charter or Service do you hold your Land?

*O. Wal.* Selby by none, that title which I had  
I have given my sonne, a boy of that proud temper,  
As should he heare thy insolent demand,  
Would pluck thee from thy seat, and lay thy head  
A satisfaction at his fathers feet,  
But heavens forbid it, Selby that it stands,  
Thou hast my Office, and my sonne my Lands.

*Sel.* He must shew how he holds 'em.

*O. Wal.* So he can,  
And Selby will shew evidence sufficient,  
Mine, my deere Fathers, and my Grandfathers sword.  
He weares good evidence about him Selby,  
And will upon the least occasion  
Both shew and prove it lawfull.

*Hes.* If the sword be your best plea, y'ave but a naked ritle,  
And by our authority we here command  
You and your sonne at our next generall meeting,  
To bring in your Surrender, or undergo  
The penalty of traytors.

*Enter Sir John Graham.*

*Gra.*

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Gra.* Oh you the patrons of poore injur'd subjects,  
Do *Graham* justice, *Selbies* riotous sonne  
Assisted by a crew of dissolutes,  
Has stole my onely daughter, and intends  
A violent Rape, or which more cuts my soule  
A forced marriage.

*Sel.* Inconsiderate foole,  
The boy affects her, and with my consent  
Intends a lawfull marriage, 'tis a favour  
Her betters sue for.

*Gra.* Oh let u'm hate, my bloud  
Shall never enter league nor hold alliance  
With him that hates my Country.

*Sel.* Rest your thoughts,  
He has her, if he likes her he shall wed her,  
And *Graham* as a dowry shall enjoy  
Thy present state, revenues, goods and lands,  
Fret out thy soule, he shall.

*Gra.* Shall?

*Sel.* I, Sir shall,  
It's the highest favour conquest can afford,  
For a slave to joyn alliance with his Lord,  
And *Wallace* see present surrender made  
Or look for storms.

*Jeof.* So say I too, and 'tis not the least part of policy,  
neither.

*O. Wal.* Will have my Lands. *Exeunt.*

*Gra.* Inforce me give a dower.  
Misery decre'd above comparison.

*O. Wal.* Complain unto the King.

*Gra.* The King alas.

I have heard a story how the subtle Fox  
Having stole a Lambe, the family of sheep  
Drew a petition, and with full consent  
Preferr'd it to the Lion, he imploy'd

'Bout



## *The Valiant Scot.*

'Bout earnest and more serious businesse,  
Appoints the Beare Commissioner, to take up  
This bloody difference; the Beare impannell  
A partiall jury all of Wolves, they choose  
The Fox their Fore-man, they consult and finde  
The sheepish Nation guilty, and with generall breath,  
Cast, judged, condemned, and sentenc'd all to death.

*O. Wal.* Men should have souls.

*Gra.* But tyrants being no men,  
Have consequently none; complaints in slaves,  
Are like to prayers made over dead mens graves,  
Nor heard, nor pitied, heaven ha's impos'd a curse,  
Which suffrance in time may cure, cōplaints make worse.

*O. Wal.* Then as it is lets bear't, win heaven to friend  
He that begins knows when and how to end. *Exeunt.*

*Enter yong Selby, and other gallants  
guarding Peggie.*

*Y. Sel.* Maske her, come *Peg* hide your Scottish face.

*Peg.* Why shild I hayd my Scottis face, my Scottis face  
is as gude as yare English feace, 'tis a true Scotties feace.

*Y. Sel.* I know 'tis sweet *Peggy*, and becaule 'tis not a  
picture for every Painter to draw forth, let this curtaine  
be bind before it.

*Peg.* Hange yare flee-flaps, na Scottis woeman is a-  
sheamed a that luke, that the master painter abuise guises  
her, whare mun I gangand now, fay, fay, fay, what loifell  
am I that am hurrand thus till and fra with sweards and  
wapins, whay mun backerd men gang fencing and flori-  
shing about me, am I yare may-game?

*Y. Sel.* No *Peggy*, th'art my prisoner, but here's thy jaile.

*Peg.* Are yee my jalar? what kin bin you to the hang-  
man? senu you? whare's hee? wha is that foule loone a-  
mang you, that mun be my hangman? *(jailor.)*

*Y. Sel.* Here's no man here, your hangman, or your

B

*Peg.*

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Peg.* Wha then be you?

*Y. Sel.* Your friends that hold you only in bonds of love.

*Peg.* I reckand mickle your luife, say upon sike luife, the awd fellow theef, luifand the truemans siller as you luifand me, I'de rather be a Scutchmans whore, then an Englishmans waife, and be dreave toth' Kirke with helters.

*Y. Sel.* Tell mee what proud Scot loves thee, what Scot dare touch thee now th'art *Selbies*?

*Peg.* Hang thee, hang thee foule meazel'd lowne,  
What Scuttishman darres guiff my luif understood  
My case, on Gads deare earth yow sud no farther gange  
As butchers kie toth the grund he sud yow bange.

*2 Gall.* All mildnesse is in vain, take some rough course.

*Y. Sel.* Toth' Church, away, Ile marry her there by

*1 Gall.* Away with her. (force.

*Enter Wallace, Comming, and Mentith,  
Peggy runs to Wallace.*

*2 Gall.* Yonders *Wallace*, and's true.

*Y. sel.* The Devill and's dambe bee't, budge not.

*Peg.* O my luife these Sotherne Carles mickle wrang  
'gainst mee warcke, and now wad force mee gang untill  
the Kirke, and marry *Selby*, *Wallace* my Io nor I.

*Y. Sel.* Vnhand that beauteous prize, proud slave, 'tis

*Wall.* Slave! th'art a villain *Selby*. (mine.

*Y. Sel.* Are ye so brave,

*Wall.* Look to my wench.

*Com. Ment.* Kill 'em.

*Wall.* We are no Stares to die by dozens.

*Y. Sel.* Back, the quarrels mine, and if one single Scot  
proud'ft of your swarme dares answer me, step forth.

*Wall.* Your first man I Sir,

*Y. Sel.* Harke Gentlemen, let not so sleight a showre,  
Which yet lies hid and wrapt in one poore cloud,

Be



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Be by rough winds (raiz'd up by you) dispers'd  
Into a generall storme, to many eyes  
Of Scots and English shooes, quick lightning forth  
Already, but your abtence will allay  
Those fires which else must kinde, get then away,  
Take shelter in yon taverne.

*Omnes.* Agreed.

*Wall.* Look to my Peggie. *Exeunt.*

*Y. Sel.* Guard my love, hee and I will onely exchange  
cold words.

*Wall.* Now Sir, your cold words.

*Y. Sel.* This Scotch Lasse I love.

*Wall.* Is that all?

*Y. Sel.* Yes.

*Wall.* I love her too, can any words more cold,  
Strike to your heart?

*Y. Sel.* Is she your wife?

*Wall.* No.

*Y. Sel.* She's your whore.

*Wall.* Vmb, neither.

*Y. Sel.* She gangs with me then.

*Wall.* But the dewlekens not whither,  
If you can win her, weare her, she's wholly mine.

*Y. Sel.* She is?

*Wall.* She is, our Lasse are not English common,  
I'me right Scotch bred, till death stick to a woman.

*Y. Sel.* And to the death thou shalt, no more but this,  
Thou shalt beare from me Scot.

*Wall.* When?

*Y. Sel.* Instantly.

Make time Sir, of your weapon, time, and place.

*Wall.* This Whinyard.

*Y. Sel.* This.

*Wall.* Our swords do now agree, and of one length and  
scantling.

## *The Valiant Scot*

Why should not we, if we must Surgeons  
Have to morrow or anon  
If not as good now, 'tis the English fashion  
To swagger it out, and then drink and then fight  
And kill in cold blood having slept sound all night,  
And oftentimes all gash'd, the seconds fall,  
When home in whole skins come the principall.  
So about words, the Lawyer wrangling stands,  
And loses in mean time his clients lands.

*Y. Sel.* Do'st teach me fencing too in thy own school?  
I'll beat thee or be beaten, one draws short breath.

*Wall.* I feele no sicknesse.

*Y. Sel.* Yet th'art neere thy death. *Fight.*

*Enter 2 Gallants, Coming, Mentith. Wallace  
loses his weapon.*

*1 Gal.* At it so hotly.

*2 Gal.* Kill him, 'tis faire.

*Y. Sel.* Inglorious conquest, for King *Edwards* crown,  
I'de trample on no enemy were hee down.

There ——— if th'art well, part.

*Wal.* I'll die, or in thy heart blood wash this infamy.

*Y. Sel.* Mercy on my soule.

*Com.* He's slain.

*Men.* Away.

*Wal.* Shift for your selves, 'twill prove a stormy day.

*Exit.*  
*A cry within murder, murder.*

*Enter old Selby, Thorn, Haslerig, Peggy,  
and the two Gallants.*

*Omn.* Search, call for Surgeons, follow the murderer.

*Peg.* Wa is me, ligs my huse on the cawd ground,  
Let me come kisse his frosty mouth.

*O. Sel.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*O. Sel.* What *Scot* ist?

*Omn.* Oh, 'tis yong *Selby*!

*O. Sel.* Ha'my sonne, who slue him?

*I Gal.* That fatall hand of *Wallace*.

*O. Sel.* Follow the villain.

*Peg.* Ize jocund and weel now.

*Has.* Lay upon her fast hold.

*Peg.* Hang me I reck not.

*Tho.* Away with her to prison.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King Edward, Elinor, Percy, Beaumont,  
Grimsby, Prince, Sebastian, Bruce.*

*King.* Not all the bloud and treasure we have spent  
Like zealous prodigals in *Palestine*,  
Goes half so neer our heart, as that proud *France*,  
Knowing our merit should bar us of our due.

*Per.* *France* dares not.

*K.* Yet he does.

*Per.* 'Twas not demanded.

*Gri.* How, not demanded? thinks the bold Lord *Percy*,  
That *Grimsby* dares not (lawfully employ'd) demand.

*Per.* But not command.

*Grim.* Yes command, *Percy*.

*Per.* *Grimsby*, thou canst do well in *Garison*.  
Weare shamoyes for a grace, project for bloud,  
Make eight dayes to one week, turn executioner,  
And hangman like send fifty in one morning,  
To feed the Crows, and live upon dead pay.

*Grim.* He's a man worse then dead that——

*Per.* Stop thy throat or——

*Grim.* VVhat?

*Per.* Illecut it.

*Grim.* Outablenry

*Per.* 'Tis a trade,

## The Valiant Scot.

By which few prosper, and yet thou art made.

*Grim.* A man as good as ———

*Per.* A hangman.

*Grim.* A foule blot

Lies in your throat.

*Per.* Thy foul-mouth, wash it Scot.

*Grim.* In *Percies* blood. Ile wash it.

*K.* *Grim* by you leane

To hard upon our sufferance, and noble *Percy*,

Our honor'd second in all inward combats,

Thou hast too many worthy parts of man,

To throw thy self on this unequal hazzard,

*Grim* by thou standst so much degreed below him,

Both in descent, and eminent qualitie,

The many favours we have grac'd thee with,

Blush to have been conferr'd upon a man

No better temper'd.

*Bruce.* May it please my Sovereign

Confirme his grant touching ———

*K.* The Crown of Scotland,

Save other time, *Grim* by thist raised

A storm which showers of blood can hardly try.

*Grim.* Dread Liege,

If all the youthfull blood that I have spent,

And wealthy honors that my sword hath wonne

Waving the Christian Standard in the face

Of the proud Pagan, in the holy Land,

Merit the name of hangman, *Grim* by casts

Them and himselfe at rayall *Edwards* feet,

And like an out-worn souldier, humbly begs,

No pension (but look *Percy*) nor yet office

But leave to leave the Court, and rich in stars

To lose more blood, or win more worth in warre.

*K.* We will not lose thee *Grim* by, valiant *Percy*,

If love in us, or loyaltie in you,

Have any power.

*Per.*



## The Valiant Scot.

*Per.* My Sovereigns pleasure fits above my private

*K.* Then joyn hands, (passions.)

Our subjects both the native of two Lands.

*Per.* Friends *Grimshy.*

*Grim.* Friends in shew,

But in my brest bloody revenge lies ambush't.

*Bruce.* Gracious Liege.

*K.* Th'art no Musician, *Bruce*, thou keep'st false time,

We strike a bloody *lachryma* to *France*,

And thou keep'st time to a Scotch ligge to armes.

*Elenor.* *Edward* will be more kind to Christians.

*K.* Let Christians be more honest then to *Edward*,

In expedition of this holy warre,

When *France* in person was enjoyn'd to march,

To work his safetie we engag'd our own,

Casheer'd his fainting souldiers, and on promise,

Of so much gold at our return, suppli'd

The French designs our selve, and is our love,

And losse of blood, halfe which at least had drop'd

Out of *French* bolomes, quittant with owe none,

Pillage and play the free-batter for more,

The news.

*Enter Hasterig.*

*Has.* Dread Sovereigne, *Scotland* is infected  
With a most dangerous surfet, it breaks out  
In strong rebellion.

*Edw.* This is your Kingdome *Bruce.*

*Bru.* I have no hand in't tho.

*K.* Shouldst have no head, did we but think it,  
Whose the chief?

*Has.* One *Wallace*, a fellow meanly bred,  
But spirited above belecte.

*K.* Some needy borderer.

How is our bosome parted, is their power

Of

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Of any strength? *Bruce*, leavy powers for *France*;  
If we but thought thee touch'd in't, warlike *Percy*,  
*Beaumont* and *Sebastian* fetch him in  
Or with a second and more fatall conquest  
Ruine that stubborne Nation.

*Ellin.* Gracious *Edward*,  
Tho war ha's made them subjects, heaven defend  
Subjects should make 'em vassals.

*K.* We conceit you,  
If any officer of ours transgresse  
Our will, or go beyond his bounds prefix't  
V Vee'l have his head, he our high worth depraves,  
That our free subjects seek to make his slaves.

*Has.* We do not.

*K.* See we finde it not.

*Ell.* Let *Ellianor* win so much favour as to march along  
Tho conquer'd, 'las we are neighbours of one clime,  
And live like them subject to change and time.

*Grim.* Royall *Edward*,  
Though *Wallace* and some spleenfull dissolutes  
Wrong'd with the yoke of bondage cast it off:  
Let not the whole Land suffer.

*K.* Nor do we wish it *Grimsby*, should the fates  
But turn the wheele we might with them change states,  
Be *Scotlands* subjects, let but Rebellion kneele,  
Wee'l weare soft mercy, and cast off rough Steele.

*Grim.* I'le undertake it.

*K.* Let messengers be sent,  
To question the proud Rebell, and if *Grimsby*  
Faile in his plot, *Northumberland* and *Clifford*  
Shall second him in armes, so slight a fo  
Must not detain us from our *French* designs,  
Our Queen ha's all our brest, and tho we might  
Iustly perhaps confine your liberty,  
*Bruce*, we inlarge it, giving you command

In



## *The Valiant Scot.*

In our *French* wars, observe him neerly Lords,  
I have read this maxime in state policie.  
Be sure to weare thy danger in thy eye,  
*France* lights a Comet, *Scotland* a blazing Star,  
Both seeke for bloud, wee'le quench um both with war.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter yong Wallace, Coming, Mentith.*

*Com.* Prethee good *Wallace*.

*Y. Wal.* Ill betides his soule,  
That speaks of goodnesse, thinks or meditates  
Of any goodnesse more then how to free  
Imprison'd *Peg*.

*Men.* But heare me.

*Wal.* *Laverock* Castle weares but a slender bolt of brick.

*Com.* Turn'd mad!

*Wal.* And say the moat be fifty fathomes deep,  
Fiftie times fittie, say it reach through to hell,  
*Wallace* will swim't.

*Com.* Swim't, yes so wilt thrust an oxe into an Eg-shell,  
And rest it by Moon-shine, but why should *Wallace*?

*Wal.* Why should proud *Selby*, though his forward son  
Were justly slain, imprison *Peg*?  
Poor *Lambe* she is no murtherer.

*Com.* In my conscience she ne're drew weapon  
In anger in her life.

*Men.* Not at sharp I think, but by your leave 'tis thought,  
She ha's practis'd in private; put *Wallace* to foil, and made  
Him lie at his hanging ward many a time and oft.

*Enter Old Wallace, and Graham.*

*O. Wal.* Wher's my sonne?

*Wal.* With *Peggie*, father, manacles of griete,  
Hang heavy on my fences.

C

O.

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*O. Wal.* Shake 'em off.  
Shew thy self worthy him that thou call'st father,  
Or *Peggie* dies.

*Wal.* What thunderclap was that?  
Able to waken death or shake the shroud  
From off a dead mans shoulders, *Peggie* dies,  
Should thunder speak it, *Wallace* would swear it lies,  
Who spake that, farall *Nuntio*?

*O. Wal.* His breath.  
That gave thee being, *Haslerigs* return'd.

*Wal.* Whence, from the Devill?

*O. W.* From *England*, and this instant  
But thou com'st in, and yeeld thy self, her life  
Dissolves to aire.

*Wal.* The charitable Angels waft her to heaven.

*Gra.* Resolve you then to lose her?

*Wal.* How shall we save her, singly as I am  
I will oppose me 'gainst the town of *Lavercke*,  
Swim the vast moat, and with my trustie sword  
Hew down the Castle-gates, dislinge the doores,  
File off her irons, and through a wall of steele  
Attempt her rescue.

*O. W.* 'Tis impossible.

*Wal.* Impossible, what's the news from *England*?

*O. W.* *Grimsbey* the fire-brand of his Country  
Comes to insnare you, on the heele of him  
Treads a huge army led on by the Queen,  
*Percy* and *Clifford*.

*Om.* Torture and death it self cannot divide us.

*Wal.* Sir *John Graham*, you shall be the engine  
Our policie must work with, streight give out  
That hearing of the English expedition,  
Our faction is dissolv'd.

*Gra.* Whats this to *Peggies* rescue?

*Wal.* Much, this rumour

**Elwon**



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Blown through the Land will slay the English forces,  
And give us time and means to strengthen ours,  
That once in act, repair to *Haflerig*,  
*Selby* and *Thorn*, urge *Peggies* innocence,  
And for her freedom and your own make faith,  
To yeeld me prisoner, 'twill be no doubt excepted,  
Your self once pardon'd, and your daughter free.

*Gra.* What rests for *Wallace*?

*Wal.* Prosper'd destinie,  
If the great cause we undertake be good,  
'Twill thrive, if not, be't washt in *VWallace* bloud.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Haflerig, Thorne, Selby, Sir Jeffrey.*

*Has.* Is it by generall Proclamation voic'd  
That but proud *VWallace* yeild, *Peg Graham* dies,

*Sir Ief.* The Cryers are all hearle with balling of it.

*Has.* Tis time for providence to stirre the King,  
(I know not upon what complaints) pretends  
This rank Rebellion rather, took his root  
From wrongs in us, then treacheries in *VWallace*,  
And sends his forces rather to examine  
And question our demeanours, then their treasons.

We must prevent it, how think you, *Sir Jeffery*?

*Sir Jef.* Troth even as you think, policie must prevent it.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* *Sir John Graham* craves conference with the Cō-

*Has.* Admit him. (missioners.)

*Enter Sir Iohn Graham.*

A man, me thinks, off your experience,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Respect and education should not linke  
Your self in such a chain of counterfeits.

*Io. Gra.* Nor have I Lords, but for your best advantage,  
And *Englands* good, traitors and dottrels,  
Are sold for all alike, he that will take them  
Must seem to do as they do, imitate  
Their vicious actions, strive to take upon him  
Their idle follies, joyn companies, and drive  
Them into a net suspectlesse.

*Haf.* So did not *Graham*.

*Io. Gra.* Speak not before your knowledge, you detain  
My onely daughter prisoner, will *Selby*  
And his colleagues free her and pardon me,  
If I dissolve the brood of traitors  
And give up *Wallace* in bands?

*Sel.* Let's daughter be produc'd.

*Enter Peggie.*

And th'execution for awhile deferr'd,  
Though in her caule *Selby* ha's lost a sonne  
And with him all content, so deer I tender  
The peace of *Scotland* and my Soveraignes good,  
As give the traitour to the hand of Law  
And with her life take thine.

*Ieff.* Good policie.

*Peg.* Aye trowe, ye mean not *Wallas* his devoire,  
And dowty valour merits mare repute nor  
Sike fawe language.

*Gra.* A fowle traitour,  
I have convert with *Wallace*, thrown my selfe  
Into his bosome, mingled thoughts with him,  
And find him neither worthy of thy love,  
Nor my alliance.

*Peg.* Fay, sa, not sea, my bunny *Wallace* luifes me?

*Gra.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Gra.* Yes as a Politician does a knave  
For his own ends, hearing thy death proclaim'd,  
But he come in, I told him, on't, he smiled.  
I urg'd thy love and constancy, still he smil'd,  
And to confirm't he basely ha's cut off  
All his associates, and given up himselfe  
Wholly to me.

*Peg.* Howd therefore cherritie, and wad yce give  
Him to his faes, that gave  
His blood to your protect?

*Enter Wallace, with a guard bound.*

*Gra.* I will and have,  
For thine enlargement and my own I have,  
No more, here comes the Rebell.

*Wal.* Traiterous man,  
Is this thy love? these thy deep promises?  
Art thou their *Asspies*? See *Selby* here's the hand  
Cleft thy sonnes heart.

*Sel.* For which base villain I'll see thee hang'd.

*Wal.* Thou knowest not thy own eyes,  
May feed the Crows assoon as mine, Toads and Snakes  
May dig their lodgings in thy brest,  
And Devils make faggots of thy bones first,  
But my sentence.

*Sel.* Here, *Graham*, for thy service,  
We enlarge thy beauteous daughter.

*Wal.* A milde exchange,  
Angels approve it.

*Haf.* Next, thee to thy Lands and Offices we restore.

*Peg.* And what for *Wallace*?

*Sel.* Race him from your thoughts.

*Peg.* Rac'd byn his name furth the  
Whayte buke of life that speaks it.

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Sir Jeff.* Hence.

*Peg.* Dear *Wallace*, thou art shrude:  
Hawd not our bands, wees meet in yander cloud,  
Whare na fell Southern nowther can extrude,  
Nor bar us fra celestiall pulchritude,  
Aid gange thy gate, till heaven, and as we flay,  
Like turtle Doves weese bill & find gude play. *Exit Peg.*

*Wall.* Rare resolution, what weak heart would faint,  
Having so constant a companion?  
*Selby* my soul's bound on a glorious voyage,  
And would be free'd out of this jayle of flesh,  
Then hinder not my voyage.

*Jeff.* 'Tis not policie, wee'l rather let it forwards.

*Haf.* Raise a Gallows fifty foot high,  
ye shall not go by water, wee'l send you up a neerer way.

*Wall.* All's one,  
Axe, halter, famine, martyrdome, or fire,  
All are but severall passages to heaven,  
Let my soule go the furthest way about,  
Come tir'd with tortures, shooting out my heart,  
The deepest wounds, like strong Certificates  
Find kindest welcome.

*Enter Grimby.*

*Gri.* Stay th'execution, and having read this Warrant,  
'Tis the Queens pleasure, you send in this traitour (know  
Vnder my conduct to the English Campe:  
Rebellion of this nature must be teach'd,  
With sharper torture.

*Wall.* I outdare the worst,  
He is no man that is afraid of death,  
And *Wallace* his resolve shall out-live breath.

*Gri.* 'Tis but short-liv'd else, first see him bound and  
Then leave him to my care.

(hud-winekt,  
*Sel.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

**Sel.** Bear with this Rebell, my love.

**Haf.** My service.

**Jef.** And my policie to the good Queen and Ladies.

**Grim.** Come *Wallace*, now your pride draws neer the

**Wal.** Why *Grimshy*, if I fall, (fall.

'Tis but to gather stronger force to rise,

For as a ball's thrown down to raise it higher,

So death's rebound shall make my soule aspire.

The glorious clouds, to long I die secure.

Death cannot threat more then I dare endure.

**Gri.** No not a man more then my private followers,

The Queen enjoyns it. *Exeunt Wallace and Gri.*

**Haf.** Farwell, valiant *Grimshy*, and farwell danger.

**Jef.** Policie and all.

**Sel.** The traitors fled, and *Wallace* thus suppress,

My sons blouds paid, and his wrong'd ghost at rest.

**Haf.** And the whole land at quiet, wher's Sir *John Gra*  
Wee'l joyn him partner in Commission, (Ham?)

'Twill be a means to make our party strong,

And keep down mutinies, search out old *Wallace*,

And hang the Carle at his own door, Sir *Jeffrey*,

Place tables in the streets, bonfires, and bels,

Since without cause they marmur, let t'm know

That with their knees wee'l make their prond harts bow.

Sir *Jeffrey*, be you Master of the Feast,

You keep the purse, if money fall out shor t,

Send out for more, you have commission for't.

*Exeunt.*

**Actus**

# The Valiant Scot.

Act. II.

Enter Grimsbie, two or three followers, VVal-  
lace bound and hoodwinkt.

Gr. **V** What talk'st of Conscience? thou art an appa-  
rant rebell.

Wall. How can he be a rebell was nere subject?

What right has *Edward* to the Crowne of Scotland  
(The sword except) more then my selfe, or *Grimsbie*?

Gri. What greater right then conquest?

Wall. Then what cause,

Iustice thou mine? respected Country man,

Thou hast bene nobly valued, and held ranke

With best deservens, look upon the wounds

And mortall staps of that distressed breast

That gave thee suck; see thy poore brethren slaves,

Thy sisters ravisht, and all out-rages

That bloody Conquest can give lycence to,

See this, and then aske Conscience if the man

That with his blood seeks generall reformation

Deserves the name of Traitor,

Whither do'st leade me?

Gri. To Northumberland

And Beaumont.

Wall. Butchers do your worst,

Torture, I spit defiance in thy face,

And death, embrace thee with as kinde a name

As if thou wert.

Enter



# The Valiant Scot.

Enter old Wallace, Peggie, Graham, Frier,  
Coming, and Menith.

O. Wa. Thy Father.

Peg. And thy wife.

Wall. In heaven or in a slumber, who relieves me?  
Speake, am I dead, or living? or asleep?  
Or all, or both, or neither? tell me fate,  
Me thinks I see my Father, warlike Graham,  
The Fryer, what Peggie too? I prethee joye  
Do not ore-flow my senses, dearest friends  
Pegg, Father, Coming, Menith, Graham, lee  
I am new moulded, and here stands the creature  
That by a warrant granted from the Queene  
Form'd me from out a second Chaos breath'd  
New life, new motions, new dimensions,  
To tell the story were to shame the world,  
And make all mankind blush.

Peg. May live.

Gra. Fri. Our prayers.

Com. And all our friendship like a coat of Steele  
Stand betwixt him, and danger.

Wa. All joyne hands,  
Thus like a mountaine Cedar Wallace stands  
Amongst a grove of friends, not to remove  
For Edwards thunder, nor the frowne of Jove,  
I'll hew the yoke from off my countries necke,  
Or never house, this religious Fryer  
Is a full witnesse to the sacred bond  
Twixt heaven and me, which on my part I'll keep,  
Or pay the forfeit with my bloud.

Fri. Heaven shield  
Many a tall wood oake beene felled  
Ere Wallace stoopes, heed Gentils sawe

D

Theke

## The Valiant Scot.

Theke sword shall keep in mickle aw,  
Fell Sotherne folk, many a crie,  
Fray cradled barns, ere he shall lie,  
Nurses fighes, and mothers tears  
Shall swell the clouds, till thy awne bloud,  
Prove false thilk Crag fall nere lig dead.

*Wal.* Shall *Wallace* live till his owne bloud prove false,  
Why, that can never be till passay age  
Hath thrust his icy fingers through my veins,  
And frozen up the passages of bloud.

*Com.* The town of *Laverck*, peopled only with English  
And overjoyed with thy surprisall are made drunk with  
Bonfires, pels, banquets, and the devil and his kin (unirch,  
Invite our swords to their sad funeral.

*Wal.* Close with advantage, put your selves in Armes,  
And cease their forfeit lives, this holy Frien won, and won  
Shall first bestow a matrimoniall band  
Of our united love, and then my sword  
Like winged lightning shall prepare a way,  
To *Lavercks* doom.

*Fri.* Nea marry, stay a wheane,  
Dip not thy winyard in the weanre,  
Of *Lavercks* town, for gifte thou gange  
Thou se weark thy liver fien I mickle wrang  
Thou se come back seafe, but bane I feare,  
If e never blinck upon thee me are,  
Kneel till thy Sier his benison crave,  
Next duty bin till digger grave,  
Kisse, kisse thy *Peg*, for well a neer,  
Thase amorous twins fall nere kisse mure  
Till in deaths armes they kisse, thilke stare  
Stands writ in heaven and seal'd by fate.

*Wal.* Then fate discombles with mee by this the second  
She ha's by vision summan'd in to armes.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum.*



## The Valiant Scot.

*Alarum. Enter Haslerig one way, Selby, and Sir Ieffrey with Frier, Old Wallace and Peggie.*

*Haf.* Whom have you there?

*Sel.* Seeking the cave for shelter,  
See whom kind fate hath given us.

*Haf.* Trecherous Wallace,  
The dotting wizzard, and dissembling woman  
Chief cause of this Rebellion, now revenge,  
Clothe thee in crimson, and prepare to feast,  
Wee'l tune such dismall musick, as shall dint,  
Smiles in thy shallow cheeks.

*Peg.* Alas, for wae,  
What gars this lewde? what ill intend ye man?

*Haf.* To make rebellion fatherlesse,  
And murder a madding widdower.

*O.Wal.* Oh, spare mine age.

*Peg.* Pitie my beauty.

*Fri.* My religion.

*Sel.* Like pity, as thy barbarous sonne bestow'd  
On my boyes life, ile print upon thy bosome.

*Haf.* Like pitie as thy husband pitilesse,  
Took on the widdows tears, and Orphans cryes  
That kist his, and hung about his knees  
At *Lavercks* massacre, ile shew on thee.

*Sel.* Thus tell my sonne,  
And thus the father of his murdurer fals.

*Haf.* Thus wither'd the pride of *Laverck*,  
And thus fades the flower that caus'd their ruine.

*Jef.* Thus religious cries *Exit Haslerig.*  
Were stopt with steale, and thus religion dies.

*O.Wal.* Wallace, revenge me as thou art my sonne.

*Peg.* Revenge thy wait.

*Fri.* Revenge Religion.

# The Valiant Scot.

*A Crie within, Wallace and Conquest.*

*Enter Hasterigg.*

*Haf.* Thunderbolts and fire rampier your throats,  
The slaves growne infinite,  
And moves in every place at once,  
Shift for your selves:  
Proud *Wallace* recking in the blood of *Lavercke*,  
Like a fierce tiger nash in humane spoyle,  
Pursues the slaughter, the barren hills lye strewed  
With mangled limbes, such as the gentle night  
Rescue from death, fall in the morning flight,  
Then flye or fall for company,  
Flie from a rebell, but fate keep true course,  
Weele ebbe like floods, to flow with stronger force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wallace all bloody.*

*Wal.* Pursue the slaughter, whilst I, salvation sheld me:  
*Fryer Gertrid* answer me, what barbarous hand  
Has cast my friend into this cold dead sweat,  
Resolve me gentle Father, fellow death,  
Tha' st acted sacrilegious burglary, and told my father.

*O. W. within.*

*Wal.* No excuse.

*Peg.* Ay lea husbandy

*Wall.* Intreat not, ye are guilty both.  
And parties in the dearest robbery,  
Then though my wife and father puerly fate,  
Play not the tyrant with me, do not try  
My senses bore their weake abilities,  
Cease to afflict me, or I shall turne Rebel,  
And breathe invectives gainst thy power.

*Peg.* O my deare *Wallis* for the hure waife,  
For liue of awe sawles, and thy daying waite,

List



## The Knight Scot.

Lift to my latter scenes, and amend  
Of all thy joyes the dreme and ill have end.

*Wall.* Torture above indurance,  
King of dreames dissolve my vision.

*Peg.* Wallace is awake.

*Wall.* O if I be, let my soule never sleepe,  
In the blest bosome of my Ancestors,  
Till I have drawn a sea of purple teares  
From forth the bosome of the murderers;  
Deere Peggie, father, Gertrid, which way, where  
How, when, what meanes, what cause shall I devise  
To finde it out, and venge your magedies.

*Peg.* I'll teach ye how,

*Selby and Haslerigg* byn the full blood hounds  
Whae have hunted us in the thicke toyes of death.

*Wa.* Are they turn'd hangmen?

*Peg.* Religious cryes, beauteous entreats, and reve-  
rent well awayes,  
Could not winne grace or favour,

*Wallas* revenge my death,  
And for a favour keep my mind in soft breath.

*Wall.* And how is it here?

*Enter Grimsby, Colling, Mentith, and Graham.*

*Gri.* Where's *Wallas*? never eye  
Saw such a ruthlesse massacre.

*Wal.* Yes *Grimsby*,

*Wallace* can shewe a massacre well prove  
Thine but a may-games.

*Gri.* Terrible and strange!

*Wall.* Dost thou amuse then see a spectacle  
Of force to say the manner of the spectacles,  
Or strike the Sun dead in the browe of heaven,  
Looke, and like men flout from the browe of thunder,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Fall seneeles, death wounds not so deepe as wonder.

*Gra.* Whose bloody act was this?

*VVal.* The bloody acts

Contriv'd and plotted by experienced villaines,

*Gri.* Who were the authors?

*VVal.* Iudge, they all spake English,

Death best becomes that Dialect,

The first was bloody, *Hastings*, the second

More villaine-like was *Bedford*, but the third

All had a hand in.

*Trumpets. Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* English Embassadors.

*Exit Mess.*

*Wa.* They are welcome, let none fullen browe

Be scene in all this fiery firmament.

*Enter Mountford, Glascot, and Sebastian.*

*VVal.* Welcōme, your businesse?

*Seb.* Farre more like a Prince,

Then a base rebell looks the Northernne traytor.

*Mount.* Thus to a rebell from a royall King,

If *VWallace* will confesse himselfe a traytor,

And for his bloody outrages and thefts,

Crave mercy, and submit himselfe to *Edward*,

There's hope of life.

*VVal.* Still charitable English.

*Seb.* Tis not he sure,

This looks not like a man shold shake a kingdome.

*Mount.* This if he shall denie,

Rape, murther, ruine, all the sonnes of warre

Stands striving for the prey, and once let loose,

Shall not be checkt, nor taken up, till rage

Be tyr'd with murther, and thy selfe in chaynes

Hang'd



## The Valiant Scot.

Hang'd like a villaine.

*Wal.* This is all perfit English, have ye yet spoket

*Monn.* We have.

*Wa.* Then we begin,

And to a tyrant thus sayes a loyall subject,

If *Edward* will confesse him selfe a tyrant,

And kingly fellow, and make good such theft

As he and his have practis'd, sue his peace

By yeelding up his and himselfe to *Wallace*,

There's hope of life, this if he shall deny

Rape, murther, ruine, all the brood of warre

Shalbe let flie, and never be lur'd of

Till they be gorg'd, and bated with the heart

Of the proud King himselfe.

*Seb.* Now speaks a man.

Would thrust love from *Olympus*

*Glas.* Calme your spleene,

For now speaks mercy, if your Countreyes wrongs

Grow from abuse in *Edward*'s substitutions,

You shall have equal hearing, and the wrongs

Punish't in the deservers.

*VVa.* This should not be English,

O, if it be King *Edward* is no tyrant.

*Glas.* What answers *Wallace*?

*VVa.* First pray pardon me,

If like the working of a troubled sea

My bosome rols in billows, for though the windes

That rais'd the storme be downe, yet the deare ruines

Lye still in view, a father, and a wife,

Age, beauty, and religion, for thee

Thousands shall weep, as many wives

Shed purple teares for thee, as many Church-men

Offer their reeking soules in sacrifice,

Court, City, Church, the Chamber of your King,

The Chaire of State shall be a priuledge.

*Seb.*

## The Ruinant Scot.

*Seb.* This was not *Edward's* act.

*VVa.* Yet such as *Edward*  
Plac'd in commission, oh t' was a churchish storme;  
And wretched I like a forlorne survivor  
Left to interre their deare remembrances.

*Seb.* Good gentleman.

*VVa.* But bid relentless *Edward*  
Send in the pyrate *Master* and *St. Mye*,  
And in their hands letters of Murd subscribed,  
To make me Master of my owne revenge,  
Or like a Balowr in a cloud of fire,  
Ruine shall fall upon his pallice top,  
Pierce through the rooffe, and in his chayre of State  
Sollicit Iustice.

*Mo.* Into his Princely eares I'll give your wrongs.

*Gri.* Will *VWallace* here advise?

*VVa.* Yes.

*Gri.* Then be rul'd by *Grymby*.

*VVal.* Thanks for thy kindness. Lords Embassadors,  
Such we esteeme you, may yet crave penall  
Of your commission?

*Monn.* *VWallace* shall command it.

*Wa.* Mountfort and *Glasgow*, what third fellow's that?

*Mon.* One of our followers.

*VVal.* Good, his name is not inserted,  
One call out a headman.

*Seb.* Ambitious rebell, know I am a Prince,  
And nephew to the Queene.

*VVal.* Wer't thou the King,  
Having no portion in the Embassie,  
I'de ha' thy head, goe on, and strike it off,  
A second cut his tongue out, and a third  
Thrust out their eyes, and put their followers to the

*Omn.* *VWallace* wilbe more wilde.

*VVa.* *VWallace* wilbe more just

Then



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Then see the Law of Armes disgrac'd  
Sound Drums and drown their cries.  
Revenge beats at heavens gates for tyrannies.

*Enter Agen.*

So now our tragick Muse jets on the stage,  
You that for seeing basenesse want your sight,  
Beare with this present our indeer'd, commends  
Back to the Queen, and say so much we tender  
Her sacred honour, weed not see it wrong'd  
Even in her Nephew, you that for sparing speech  
In honours cause are justly mute, conduct  
This eyelesse messenger, abuse not our intent  
In the delivery, make speedy haste,  
Lest we be there before you, share in like wrong,  
Lend him your eyes, and borrow you his tongue,  
If any question you about your harms,  
Say *Wallace* did it in the right of Armes. *Exeunt English.*

*Gri.* This will affright the English.

*Wall.* Honor'd *Grimsby*,  
This and ten thousand, thousand more extremes  
Cannot appeale my anger, you that love me  
See those I lov'd inhum'd, my selfe disguis'd,  
Will be their Convoy to the English Campe,  
And see their usage.

*Gri.* 'Twill be an act of danger.

*Wal.* The fitter him that undertakes it, *Wallace*  
Would hold himself not worthy of his fate  
Should he bawke danger, dissuade not, I will on  
Were certain death against my bosome bent,  
There's gain in bloud it's honorably spent. *Exit.*

*Gri.* And such I feare will thine be, honour'd friends  
See those remayns of honorable love  
Cradled in earth, that once perform'd take Armes

E

To

## *The Valiant Scot:*

To venge their deaths, *Mentith*, I attend  
The comming of some speciall friends by oath,  
Bound to assist us, hark how their friendly drums  
Chide them for loytring.

*Enter Douglas, Mackbeth, and  
VVintersdale.*

Honor'd *Douglas*, welcome,  
Welcome *Mackbeth*, and doughty *Wintersdale*,  
Not unto men more, driven in needfull want,  
Could you have brought supply.

*Doug.* The better welcome,  
Gold to rich men, and treasure to the wealethy,  
Are known companions, wher's our Generall,  
The hopefull *VWallace*?

*Gri.* Gone in quest of death,  
Firme as his fate, cause he sees danger shuns him,  
He's gone to seek it in the English tents.

*Mack.* So *Hercules* fought honour out in Hell,  
He not deserves the name of Generall,  
Dares not face danger, and out-do the Devill.

*Gri.* And such a man is *VWallace*, yet least worth  
Bears him beyond his strength, bring up your powers  
For pretent charge, his thoughts are tragicall,  
And full of bloud, a fivie, and violent ally.

*Doug.* You that best know 'em, feed 'em, all that's ours,  
For *Scotlands* good call *VWallaces* and yours.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wallace, like a halting Souldier on wooden  
stumps, with Mountford dumbe, and  
Glascot blinde.*

*H. A.* Whare man? till the English Campe leui you,  
gad



## *The Valiant Scot.*

gad sides you gang as I ha' seene mony a your Contry-  
men like ranck riders amble up westward, you gang the  
wring wey man, you fall luse and ye play at shoola-  
groate, ha' ye na linkers?

*Glas.* Ahlas I want my eyes, but have a tongue,  
He sees, but cannot speake.

*Wa.* Blyncke at smaw faults then, make me the thrid-  
man, and here's a bunny noyse of Fidlers to gang fra  
winehouse to winehouse, a blind harper, a mute Corner,  
and an old Scotch bagpipe worne toth' stumps.

*Glas.* Are you a Scotch man Sir?

*Wa.* Ye marry am I, boddy and sawle a true Scotch-  
man borne, but a true liegeman, hang him that does not  
luise your King, and your Countryman, what gude vi-  
stales is that which thilke bonny man that haz glazen  
windows to his lindging has tyed up in his wallet there?

*Glas.* Tis the head of a young murderd gentleman.

*Wa.* What tenn you man! a mans scalpe, I doubt ye  
be three sawle knaves liggand yare heads together about  
na gudeness, a traytors head ist not?

*Gla.* No, but we ha' met with villaynes worse then  
traytors.

*WValace* your countryman, that bloody hangman  
Mangled us all three thus.

*WVa.* *WValas* my Countryman, ay say upon him,  
Fawe lymmerlike wad I had his head here too,  
Ized beare it by my sawle toth' *English* Campe  
Or neere gang farder.

*Gla.* Twold be a glorious fight there.

*WVa.* And you could see it ye sullied sea so man, *WVal-*  
*lace*

Cut of my shancks too, cause I ran away from him  
To serve your gude Prince, harke man, I weare  
Na shooen but wodden clampers.

*Gla.* Of charity leade us to th' *English* Campe,

## The Valiant Scot.

Ye shall besides thanks be most royally payd.

*Wal.* Gang along man tis hard by now, a mans head  
I deemt the pure man had gaugand lang to lawe  
And sae was thrust out of dores by head and shoulders.

*Glas.* No lawe was ere so cruell as *Wallas* is.

*Wa.* Ne marry? na law sa cruell, fay man fay, I luick'd  
upon a man a lawe nor lang since that sent an awde man  
and his wife, and many barnes a begging, he had better  
a flizand their weazond pipes, and cut their heads off,  
but whay was a sa bludy mynded thinke ye?

*Gla.* I cannot judge.

*Wa.* Marry man, to get possession of the pure mans  
house, but there was a cat ganged beyond the man a  
lawe.

*Gla.* A cat goe beyond a lawyer? how?

*Wa.* I'll tell you how, the man a lawe being got in,  
the Cat outreach'd him, and leaped toth' top oth lindg-  
ing, and standand on the tyles, the man a lawe scoarning  
any ane to be abuise him, offer to fling and dingand  
downe the poore puscatt, but she meawed at him, and  
cryed hawd thou foule lowne hawd, as thou thrusts out  
this poore man and his barnes, sa there is ane abuise fall  
thrust out thee, stay blind man, here comes souldiers.

*Enter Bolt with three or foure sattar'd Souldiers.*

*Omn.* Stand *que vous*, spyes about our trenches?

*Bolt.* And see they have knock'd some man downe  
sirra,

You that carry two faces under a hood,  
What are you?

*So.* He must be prest, he will not speake.

*Bol.* What art thou I charge thee? hast thou neere a  
tongue  
In thy head? give the word.

*Gla.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Gla.* He has no tounge indeed sir.

*Bol.* Two heads and neere a tounge, what are you?  
That like a blind asse stand still, and cannot tell us so.

*Gla.* I'me blind indeed,  
Conduct us to the Lords i'th' *English* Campe.

*So.* How Lords, are you Ladyes that you long for  
Lords?

*Bol.* Do you take us for gulls to goe tell the Lords  
here's a dumbe man would speake with'em, what are  
you sirra? come halt not, lets not find you in two tales  
y'are best.

*Wa.* I'ze a *Scotch* man sir, ye shall neere find me in  
two tales.

*Bo.* A *Scotch* man sir, do you know where you are sir?  
Your blew benner on before an *English* leull,  
Where's your leg sir, when an Officer speaks to you?

*Wa.* My leg sir is not in my galligaskin and fop as  
yours is, I'ze a pure *Scotch* souldier out at heeles, and am  
glad to bestirr my stumps, guide these gude men y'are  
wranged Countrymen, wha that fawse traytor *Wallace*  
has misusand in fike wife.

*Om.* *Wallas*, oh slave!

*Bolt.* I shall live (fellows in armes out at Elbows)  
To give fire to my peece with a burnt ynoch of match  
Made of that rascals fat of mawegut.

*Wa.* By my fawle sir wad I might come  
To'th making of fike a match.

*Bol.* Here's my hand, because thou sayest so,  
Thou shalt be by when I make him give fire to my  
touch-hole.

*Enter* *Queene Elenor*, *Clifford*, *Percy*, *Beau-*  
*mont*, and others.

*Om.* The Lords are going to view the trenches.

*Bol.* Every man to his parrapet,

## The Valiant Scot.

To your trenches you rattered roagues!

*Cliff.* Its well done fellowes.

*Bol.* Cry your Lordship mercy,  
This blind buzzard here cannot see,  
Whither will you march headlong my friend?

*Per.* What men are these?

*Bol.* I leave them to your Honors sifting,  
I have fortifications to look too.

*Cliff.* There's drinking money, hence to your works.

*Bol.* Blesse your honours. *Exeunt Bolt, and Sould.*

*Percy.* What men are these, I aske, will no man speak?

*Gla.* Heare and in hearing with the sound unheard,  
Youthfull *Sebastian* nephew to the Queene  
Longing to see the man fam'd for th' excesse  
Of goodnes and of badnes, seeing enjoyned  
In honored Embassie disguis'd attempted  
The rebell *Wallaces* preience.

*Omn.* *Glasgow* and *Mountford.*

*Cliff.* Who did this damned villany?

*Gla.* Our message told,  
The traytor newly set on fire with madnes,  
Showing the mangled bodies of a Fryer,  
His wife and father, burst out into flames  
Hye hot and violent, In which fierce rage  
Revolted *Grimsby* knew *Sebastian*  
(Tho Herald like he went disguis'd) and leazed  
Him and us for three intelligencing spies,  
Cut off his head, his tongue, and *Glasgows* eyes.

*Per.* Hang up this, provide for these, trusse him up.

*Wa.* What ten ye man? *Exeunt Moun. and Glas.*

*Per.* What slave, what Turke that murders his owne  
brethren

Durst play the tyrant thus? hang all the Nation  
Whom we have tane to mercy. I'le not spare  
Fathers, nor mothers, nor their bawling barnes,

Fire



## *The Valiant Scot.*

fire their houses, hang up this tike first.

*Wal.* Ah bonny men, I met um play and at bo-peep, & gang and out a their way, and fall I be hanged for my good deeds of charity, I'ze a poor Scotch souldier, and am run away from that Rebell *Wallas*, to feight and for your gude Prince, ah he's a gude King, and y'are all bonny men, I'ze follow ye all to the death, and to the Devill, and ony man dare gang so far for all my clutches, giff: I clutch *Wallace*, he's neer carry it till hell nor heaven.

*Per.* If he do, may *Percies* name be crost  
Out of the roll of men.

*Clif.* So much swears *Clifford*.

*Per.* Sneak not away sir, y'are not gone yet.

*Wal.* I ken it very weel.

I'ze not gangan to hanging yet.

*Clif.* Yet though a traitour, thus much let me speak  
For absent *Wallace*, were the case your own,  
Or one that's baser having any spirit,  
A murder'd father and a bleeding wife,  
Mangled before him, would strike fire in snow,  
Make loyalty turn traitor, and obedience  
Forget all duty.

*Et.* But our Nephews death  
And the disgrace done our Embassadors.

*Clif.* They then put off their title, and put on  
The name of spies, when in their companies,  
They take disguis'd observers.

*Wal.* By my lawle the *English* are gallant men.

*Per.* No snare to intrap this *Wolfe*?

*Clif.* How *Northumberland*, intrap a fo?  
Sure 'tis no *English* word,

*Clifford* at least was ne're acquainted with't.  
Give him fair summons, dare him to the field,  
And trap him then.

*Wal.* Ah bony man!

*Per.*

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Per.* His being a traitour warrants it, dispatch  
A second message with acknowledgment  
Of former wrongs to our Embassadours,  
With promise of a friendly interview  
Early to morrow, impartially to heare  
Their wrongs, and mildly minister redresse.

*Clif.* Inshure him so and spare not, for you'le finde I  
feare,

That *Selby*, *Hastlerig*, and the rest  
Lay yokes too heavy on the Nations neck.

*El.* If they do punish 'em.

*Clif.* Punish 'em, I death hang 'em.

*Per.* Shall we agree to have such message sent  
To allure this bloudy Tygre into th' net  
And waking then or sleeping kill him.

*Clif.* No.

*Per.* All stratagems are lawfull gainst a fo.

*Clif.* Do what you will, but my consent is no.

*Beau.* I'le venture to the Rebell.

*Per.* Do good *Beaumont*, *Scotchman* dar'st thou con-  
duct him as his guide?

*Clif.* But return sirra, or the next time we take yee  
Y'are Crag shall pay for't.

*Wal.* I ze not run away fra yee, giffe I do hang mee and  
drae mee, cum bully *Joe*, I dare not gang to the Scottis  
Campe, th'yle sa flay upon me, He near cum back agen,  
but I ze bring you where yee shall see that Lowne *Wallace*.

*Beau.* That's all I wish; lead on.

*Wal.* Marry sall I, luke to your selfe,  
He thrust you into the Dewles chops.

*Exeunt Beau. and Wal.*

*Beau.* Forgetting out let me scuffle.

*El.* Consult for present execution.

*Cliff.* What is, what should, what can this *Wallace* be?

Whom



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Whom fame limbs out for such a gallant peece,  
And is so curious in her workmanship,  
No part deforms him,  
Yet *Wallace* is a Rebel, his chief scandall  
Is poverty of Gentry, by my sword  
Wert no impeach to my deare Ancestors,  
I well could spare him some of my unus'd titles,  
Or would at martiall gaming so I might lose  
And *Wallace* winne so much of *Cliffords* honour,  
Our stocks might be alike, but I exceed,  
This night he is betray'd, he shall not,  
I'll turn traitor first he shall not,  
Call *Beaumont* back, or else by *Cliffords* honor,  
An oath which I esteem above my life,  
I will turn traitor, and reveale your plots,  
Call him back.

*Per.* Is *Clifford* mad?

*Clif.* No *Percie's* lunatick, suppose he be a traitor  
And discipline of the field allow the act,  
What honour is it for a herd of yours  
To worry a sleeping Beare? goe call him back.

*Enter Beaumont with a wooden stump.*

*Per.* See he comes uncall'd.

*Clif.* The news.

*Bea.* News call you it, let no *Scot* come neer your tents,  
*Wallace* sends you this token.

*Clif.* Ha, how, *Wallace*.

*Per.* Was that the traitor?

*Clif.* By *Mars* his helme, a compleat Warrior,  
I so love his worth, I'll court it with my sword.

*Bea.* Had you but stood in distance of his thunder,  
For, we parted just where our trenches ended,  
You'de ha' sworn the God of *VVar* had spoke,

F

Quoth

## *The Valiant Scot*

Quoth he, tell *Percy*, he shall not need.  
To hunt me in my tent, I'll rouse him in's own,  
And bids me give you this wooden stumpe,  
And sweares to make you weare it,  
If you dare stand him in the field.

*Per.* Base Rebelle, why durst he not stand here?

*Clif.* None pray'd him stay,  
Twas manners being not welcom'd to get away.

*Beau.* He sends, commends to *Clifford*, with this wish,  
That if at this great match of life, and death,  
He chance to lose the smallest part of honour  
His sword may joyn't, he knows best how to use it.  
At my return from *France*, quoth he, this vow  
Which I have promis'd shall be surely payed,  
Our Country overtopt with tyranny,  
Makes us flie thither for succour, *Aeolus*,  
Let favourable winds and tydes assist me,  
That spoak, revolted *Grimsbey* and his powers  
Met him in Armes, what further he intends,  
Harke their Drum tels, here my Commission ends.

*Clif.* Lets send him commendations too, beat ours.

*Exeunt.*

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## *Act. III.*

*Enter Sir Jeffrey and Bolt with a Trunke.*

*Ief.* Set downe *Bolt*, I can beare with thee no longer.

*Bolt.* No more can I beare any longer with you, Sir  
*Jeffrey*, but what a reeling drunken sot is this sea, that casts  
up such gobbets as this, is this a windfall or no now Sir  
*Jeffrey*? your Worship knows both the tags and points  
of the law.

*Ief.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Ief.* Yes sure it is a windfall, for as we walk'd upon the shore, we saw the ship split, this fell out, the winds were the cause, therefore it must needs be a windfall.

*Bol.* Well some body ha's had but a bad fish-dinner to day,

*Ief.* The Seas have crost them that sought to crosse the Seas, and therefore for my part I'll never meddle with these water-works.

*Bolt.* Nor I, lets be more wise then a number of gallants, and keep the land that's left us, did you ever see such gambols as the waves made sir *Jeffery*?

*Ieff.* Never since I wore the nightcap of Iustice, and that this her dudgeon dagger was a my side.

*Bol.* Did you note what puffing the winds made till they got great bellies, and then how sorely the ship fell in labour.

*Ieff.* Didst heare what a dolefull cry they made, When their maine yard was split?

*Bolt.* Alas sir, would it not make any man roare that had but an inch of feeling or compassion in his belly to have his mayne yard split, and how the marriners hung by the ropes like Saint *Thomas Onions*.

*Ieff.* I saw it *Bolt* with salt eyes.

*Bolt.* So that you may see at sea however the winde blowes, if a man be well hung, hees cocke sure.

*Ieff.* But *Bolt* what dost thou thinke this to be?

*Bol.* A matter of some weight as I take it.

*Ieff.* I hope 'tis gold 'tis so heavy, and 'twas going out of the Land.

*Bol.* Like enough, for gold goes now very heavily from us, and silver too, both red chincks, and white chincks flie away, but sir *Jeffery*, if this be gold, how rich is the sea, thinke ye, that has innumerable such sands?

*Ief.* More rich then the land, and more fat.

*Bo.* So it had need, for the land looks with a leane

## *The Valiant Scot.*

payre of cheeks, yet it has an excellent stomach, it digests any thing.

*Ieff.* Then tis like the sea, for all's fish that comes to net there.

*Bol.* I'll tell you the mystery of that, looke what mouthes gape at land, the selfe same gape at sea, all the land is one kingdome, and all the sea another.

*Ief.* And people in't.

*Bo.* And people in't (right worshipful) but they all go Westhod, as there are good and bad here, so there are good and bad there, gulls here, gulls there, as great men here eate up the little men: so Whales feed upon the lesser fishes.

*Ie.* Belike then the watry common wealth are ill govern'd.

*Bo.* No bravely, for heroicall *Hector Herring* is King of fishes.

*Ie.* So.

*Bo.* Rich cobs his good subjects, who at Yarmouth lay downe their lives in his quarrell, sword-fish and Pike are his guard.

*Ie.* On.

*Bo.* Fresh Cods the gallants, and sweet slipper the Knights, whiting-moppes the Ladies, and Lillie-white-mussels the wayting-gentlewomen.

*Ie.* Dangerous meat to take too much of.

*Bol.* But who the pages?

*Ie.* Shrimps.

*Bo.* No, no sir, perriwinckles are the pages, perriwinckles.

*Ie.* No Iustices among them?

*Bo.* Yes sir *Ieffery*, Thornebacks are the Iustices, Crabs the Constables, whom if you butter with good words, 'tis passing meat at midnight.

*Ie.* Ah, ha.

*Bo.* Dog.



## *The Valiant Scot.*

**Bo.** Dogfish are Iaylors,  
And Stockfish the poore common people.

**Ie.** Indeed they live hardly.

**Bo.** But sir they are beaten too't, then have you wet  
Eeles for whores, and great Oysters for Bawds.

**Ie.** Why great Oysters Bawd?

**Bo.** Because for the most part they are stewed.

**Ie.** Very good.

**Bo.** Lastly, because no Kingdome can stand without  
laws, and where law ha's her cyne, there Lawyers & Pet-  
titoggers swarme, therefore the Lawyers here are sharks,  
and gudgeons the poore Clyents.

*Wallace within.*

**Wa.** Wa ho ro sol fa, sol fa.

**Bo.** Harke.

**Ie.** Peace Bolt.

**Bo.** Nay peace you good sir *Jeffery*, peace, peace.

**Wa.** Sol la, sol la, sol la, sol la.

**Bo.** Some Faulconers teaching his Hawke prick song,  
Shall I mocke him in's owne key.

**Ie.** Do.

**Bo.** Sol fa sol fa, here boy.

*Enter Wallace.*

**Wa.** Here boy, wa ha ho ho,  
All haile to you two.

**Bo.** And all snow to you sir.

**Ie.** Sirra what art thou that wishest all the haile to  
light upon us two?

**Bo.** Answer wisely to my master,  
For hee's a Iustice of peace, and you'l be smelt out.

**Wal.** I am a drown'd rat.

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Ic.* A Rat?

*Bo.* Do you take sir *Jeffrey* for a Rat-catcher,  
Youle tell a sweet tale for your selfe anon.

*Wal.* Pox rot you, I am shipwrack't,  
Give me some meate.

*Bo.* Shall I make his *Mittimus*? he begs sir.

*Wa.* I'ha met more then my match, *Neptune* and I,  
Wrastling for fals, he got the masterie,  
I'me with his beating bruis'd, weary, cold, weak,  
Liquor'd soundly.

*Bo.* He's drunk.

*VVal.* Yet so thirstie learce can speak,  
If ye be men, help me to food and fire.

*Ic.* What Countryman art thou sirra?

*VVal.* A *Scot*, give me some victuals pray.

*Bo.* No minde but of thy belly.

*Ic.* Sirra, sirra, you are a *Scot*, and I a true *English* Justice.

*Bo.* Not a word of *Latine*, neither Justice, nor Clarke.

*Ic.* Peace Bolt in the Kings name, I charge thee, if you  
will eat bread earn bread, take up this luggage, sirra, fol-  
low me home to my house, thou shalt have goode bread,  
good drink, and good fire, up I command thee.

*Wal.* I am necessities slave, and now must beare.

*Bo.* Must! nay, shall: are not the *English* your good  
Lords and Masters?

*Wal.* Well they are.

*Bo.* Do you grumble sir, on sir *Jeffrey*.

*Ic.* Have an eye to him Bolt, lest he give us the slip,  
And were you in this terrible storm at Sea say you?

*VVal.* Over head and eares, sir.

*Bo.* If th'execution had been upon the land Sir *Jeffrey*,  
as'twas upon the Sea, your worship had been in a worse  
pickle then he.

*Ic.* Why Knave? why?

*Bo.* Because he that ha's a bad name is halt-hang'd,

And



## *The Valiant Scot.*

And your worship knowes, ye have but an ill name.

*Ie.* Thou Varlet is not wise good?

*Bo.* Yes, come along porter, wife is good.

*Ie.* And is not acre good?

*Bo.* Yes passing good.

*Ie.* Why should *Wiseacre* being put together be nought then?

*Bo.* Is not Plumb-porridge good, Sir *Jeffrey*?

*Ie.* Yes.

*Wa.* Would I had this trunk full of 'em.

*Bo.* Peace Greedi-gut, Plum-porridge is good, and Bag-pudding is good, but put them together, and they are filthy meat.

*Ie.* Well, that's true.

*Wal.* Right sir.

*Sets down the Trunk.*

*Ie.* How now?

*Wal.* Hunger is good, and two Woodcocks are good, But the feathers of those two Woodcocks must be pluck'd first.

*Ie.* Hold I charge thee.

*Wal.* Y are a scurvy Iustice, yare man's an Ass, and you another with a velvet foot-cloth on your back, I ken ye vary weel, and I'll knock ye vary weele, if any thing be worth victales, it goes down here.

*Bo.* The Devill choake you, if you be a man of your word.

*Wal.* *Wiseacres*, if you would fain know who ha's got this trash from yee, 'tis I, *Wallace the Scot*.

Both: *Wallace*.

*Bo.* Flie sir *Jeffrey*,

He calls us Woodcocks, let's flie and raise the Country.

*Wal.* D'e ye grumble? raise the Devill and spare not.

*Exeunt.*

Wert thou a chest of gold, I'de give thee all for victuals,  
Hunger, they say, will break stone wals,

Your

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Your chops are not so hard,  
Ye shall burst tho with iron ribs ye were bar'd,  
—— victuals —— wine too, —— few justices doe feed  
the hungry thus, o these *Wiseacres* are the bravest fel-  
lowes, specially *English Wiseacres*.

*Enter Selby miserably poore.*

*Sel.* I'll now be my own carver, misery and age  
Want and despaire have brought me to death's doore,  
And shall I not enter? yes I will, this key  
Shall doe't, is death so surly, may a poore man  
Speake sooner with a King then speake with him  
When he has most need of him, ugly leane slave,  
So I may see him, no matter for a grave.

*Wal.* How now, what do'st looke for?

*Sel.* For that which a quarter of the world  
Wants, a tree to be hang'd upon.

*Wal.* Art weary of thy life?

*Selby.* Yes all men are of their old wives, my life  
ha's gone up and downe with me this threescore and  
odde yeares, 'tis time to be weary on't I thinke now.

*Wal.* And when tha'st hang'd thy selfe, whicher do'st  
thinke to go then?

*Sel.* To the Linnen-draper.

*VVa.* What Linnen-draper?

*Sel.* The richest in the world, my old Grandmother  
the Earth, how many paire of sheets has she had, thinke  
ye, since *Adam* and *Eve* lay together, It's the best Inne  
to lye at, a man shall be sure of good linnen.

*Wal.* Who dwels hereabouts?

*Sel.* One upon whom all the poore in the Countrey  
crys out.

*VVa.* Whose that?

*Sel.* Scarcity, dearth, penurie, famine, hunger, I have  
not



## *The Valiant Scot.*

not knowne that man lives by food these foure dayes,  
and therefore I'le descend to th' Antipodes, becaule I'le  
kicke at this world.

*Wall.* Stay, famine shall not kill thee, sit and eate  
Thy belly full, thy cares in good wine drowne,  
By my owne fall I pittie others downe,  
Is't not good cheere?

*Sel.* Brave, I thanke you for it, how many beggers  
does a rich man eate at his table at one meale, when  
those few crummes are able to save a mans life, how  
came you sir into this fearefull nest of Screech-owles and  
Ravens?

*Wa.* Cast up by the Sea, I was shipwrack'd and lost  
all my company.

*Sel.* Would I had beene one of em, I have lost more  
then you have done, I ha' lost all that I had but my sinnes,  
and they hang so heavy on my eye-lids, I can scarce look  
so high as the brimmes of my hatt to heaven, I have such  
a minde downwards, I have almost forgot who dwels  
over my head.

*Wa.* Looke up, be not afraid, there raignes no tyrant,  
Wud thou hadst beene with me at sea.

*Sel.* So wud I.

*Wa.* Hadst thou an *Atheist* been, and God not known,  
Th'adst found him in the deepe, there hee's best showne,  
He that at Sea is shipwrackt, and denyes  
A Deity (being there sav'd) damn'd lives and dyes,  
Man no where in the twinckling of an eye  
Is throwne so neare to hell, or rais'd so high  
Towards heaven, then when hee's toss'd upon the waves  
It must be a hand omnipotent there that saves,  
But how came you sir hither?

*Sel.* I was banish'd from *England* (but that grieves  
me not)  
But I kill'd an old man, he was call'd *Wallace*.

G

*Wal.*

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Wa.* Ha?

*Sel.* *Wallace*, and me thinks hee's still at mine elbow.

*Wa.* Elbowe? idle: *Selby* my fathers murderer?

Thinke not upon it, sit eat heartily

Thy last, sit downe, I say, never to rise,

Drinke wine, drinke deepe, let thy soule reele to hell.

*Sel.* I am almost dead with cold.

*Wa.* I'll fetch dry sticks,

And with two flints kindle fire, beat out his braines:

O that physicke had the power to make thee yong,

I'de fetch thee drugs from th'utmost of the world,

And then would arme thee, or, into thy veines

Halte my owne bloud I'de power, to lend thee strength,

That I might kill thee nobly.

*Sel.* Be quiet, I'll pay thee.

*Wa.* How now?

*Sel.* A slumber took me, and me thought old *Wallace*

Clapt me upon the shoulder with one hand,

And with the other pointed to his wounds,

At which I started, spake, but know not what,

I'm cold at heart.

*Wa.* I'll seeke for fire.

*Sel.* I thanke ye, if what I utter ye tell to any, I am a  
dead man,

You have me at your mercy, and may betray me.

*Wa.* Not I, eate and get strength, I'll seeke for fire,

Vnlesse I be a devill (tho I have cause

To kill thee) yet my quicke hand shall eschew it,

Thy carelesse confidence does bind me to it,

This mercy which I show now is for Gods sake,

In part of payment of his showne to me,

If I should kill thee now, thou owest me nothing,

Live, and be still my debter, I shall do thee

More harme to give thee life, then take it from thee,

Heaven in my fathers bloud who is chiefe sharer,

Shall strike for me a revenge more just and fairer.

*Exit.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Enter Haslerig, poore as th' other  
with Apples.*

*Haf.* *Selby, Selby,*  
How like a Churle thou feed'st alone,  
And greedy art to fatten misery — *Selby?*

*Sel.* Here.

*Haf.* Look I ha' found a jenniting tree.

*Sel.* Where stands it?

*Haf.* I'll not tell thee; see brave food.

*Sel.* Lets taste it.

*Haf.* Not a paring, what hast there?

*Sel.* The dole of plenty.

*Haf.* Good old Rogue I thank thee,

I have a stomach like a Lawyer,

Lets eat fruit when we have fill'd our bellies.

*Sel.* Not a bitt.

*Haf.* Ha?

*Sel.* Not a paring of cheele.

*Haf.* I must.

*Sel.* Thou shalt not, I pay thee in thy own coyne.

*Haf.* Thy doting age is almost at her journies end,  
My youth having far to go needs more provision,  
And ile have this —

*Sel.* Hands off

*Kils him.*

*Haf.* You Dog, you old Devill.

*Sel.* I thank thee, thou hast cut the threed in two,  
Of all my woes, heaven pardon us both, adue.

*Haf.* *Selby*, no water from the hallowed Fount,  
Toucht thee, thou art so farall, *Selby*, dead!  
Gods building which ha's stood this threescore yeeres,  
This ha's defac'd, would it were up agen  
With ruine of mine own, I never knew  
Partners but one still th' other overthrew,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Thou and I did set up with one stock of care  
I have undone thee, and now all's my share,  
'Tis not so sinfull, nor so base a stroke  
To spoile a Willow as an old reverend Oke,  
From me th'art gone, but i'le from hence nere fly,  
But sit by thee, and sigh, and weep, and die.

*Enter Sir Jeffrey, Bolt, Souldiers.*

*Bo.* Stand, that's he who turns his taile to us, which is  
as much as to say, A fart for your Worship.

*Om.* Down with him.

*Sir Jef.* Peace, it's a wilde Bull wee come to set upon,  
and therefore let those Dogs that can fasten bite soundly.

*Bo.* My harts, we come not to bait an Ass in a Beares  
skin, but a Lion in his own skin, he's a traitour.

*Om.* How know we that?

*Bo.* Thus, he hides his face, and wee are not to back a  
traitor, Sir Jeffrey, you'le get between mee and the Gal-  
lows, if I strike him down.

*Jef.* I'le enter into a Recognizance to hang before  
thou shalt hang.

*Bo.* If you see my heart begin to faint, knock you mee  
down to put life into me.

*Jef.* Feare nothing.

*Bolt strikes him down.*

*Haf.* Be damn'd both gods and men the act detest,  
Oh heaven, wipe this sinne out for all the rest.

*Bo.* Your sins are wip'd out sir, your Scottish score is  
paid sir.

*Jef.* Is he down?

*Bo.* He sprawles, stay there's one asleep by him,  
Shall I kill the lice in his head too?

*Jef.* No, wake not a sleeping Mastive, the Kings in  
the field, Lets post to him, *Bo.* thou shalt be a Knight as  
deep as my selfe, for this manly deed, as ye go through the  
Coun-



## *The Valiant Scot.*

Country, cry aloud, the traitor's dead.

*Bo.* Cry it out at the Crosse, and at the old Palace,  
That *Bolt* was the man that brain'd lusty *Wallace*.

*Om.* The traitor's dead, the traitor's dead, &c.

*Enter Wallace, with dry sticks and straw,  
beating two flints.*

*Wal.* Thou shalt have fire anon old man, ha', murdered?  
What shouldst thou be? the face of *Hastlerig*,  
'Tis he, just heavens ye have bestow'd my office  
Vpon some other, I thank ye that my blood,  
Stains not my hand, however both did die  
(In love or hate) both shall together lie,  
The Coffin you must sleep in is this Cave,  
Whole heaven your winding sheet, all earth your grave,  
The early Lark shall sadly ring your Knell,  
Your Dirge be sung by mournfull *Philomell*,  
Instead of flowres and strewing herbs take these,  
And what my charity now fails to do,  
Poor Robin-redbrest shall, my last adue,  
I have other streames to swim through, or calme  
Venture, 'tis brave when danger's crown'd with palme.

*Exit.*

*Enter with Drum and Colours, the Generall of Scotland,  
with Grimsby, Mentith, Coming,  
and Souldiers with blew Caps.*

*Gen.* Vpon this field-bed will we lodge this night,  
The earth's a souldiers pillow, here pitch our tents.

*Men. Om.* Vp with our tents.

*Gen.* To counsell, beat a Drum.

*Gri.* Beat it for action then, and not for words,  
Vpon our Speere points our best counsell fits,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Follow that (noble Generall) up with no tents  
If you dare hold me worthy to advise,  
But with an easie march move gently on.

*Gen.* You speak against the Scholership of war.

*Gri.* Now their Beef-pots, and their Cans,  
Are toss'd in stead of Pikes, their Armes are thrown  
About their Wenches middles, there's their close feight,  
Let us not lose the forelock in our hands,  
Of us they dream not, yet we are as free-born  
As th' *English* King himself, be not their slaves,  
Free *Scotland*, or in *England* dig our graves.

*Within.* A *Wallace*, A *Wallace*, A *Wallace*!

*Enter Rugerosse a Scottish Herald.*

*Gen.* *Rugerosse*, what cry is this?

*Ruge.* Of the whole Army,  
Grown wild twixt joy and admiration,  
At the sight of *Wallace*.

*Om.* Ha.

*Ru.* That dreadlesse Souldier,  
For whom all *Scotland* shed a sea of teares  
As deep as that in which men thought him dead,  
Sets with his presence all their hearts on fire,  
That have but sight of him.

*Within.* A *Wallace*, A *Wallace*.

*Gri.* Intreat him hither.

---

### A&. I I I I.

*Enter Wallace with Drum, Colours and Souldiers,*  
*they all imbrace him.*

*Com.* D'ee heare th' *English* march? they are at hand.

*Gen.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Gen.* Now *Grimshy*, they for Pikes are tossing Cans.

*Gri.* I am glad our thunder wakes 'em.

*Men.* Shall we on?

*Gen.* Whether 'ist best to stop 'em in their march,  
Or here to make a stand and front 'em.

*Om.* Stand.

*Gen.* Or else retire back to the spacious Plaine  
For battaile far more advantagious.

*Wal.* And so retiring be held runawayes.  
Here stands my body, and ere this *English* Wolves  
Stretch their jaws ne're so wide, from hence shall drive  
I'l rather lie here fifty fathome deep,  
Now at this minute, then by giving back  
One foot, prolong my life a thousand yeers.

*Gen.* Then let us die or live here.

*Om.* Arme, arme.

*Wal.* Fall back? not I, death of my selfe is part,  
I'l never flie my self, heres no false heart:  
Lets in our rising be, or in our falls  
Like bells which ring alike at Funerals,  
As at Coronations, each man meet his wound,  
With self-same joy as Kings go to be crown'd,  
Where charge you?

*Gen.* In the battaile, valiant *Grimshy*  
Is Generall of our Horse, the infantry  
By comming is commanded, *Mentith* and you  
Shall come up in the Reare.

*Wal.* The Reare.

*Gen.* Yes.

*Wal.* No, sir.

Let *Mentith*, *Wallace* shall not.

*Gen.* He may choose.

*Wal.* Were I to hunt within a Wildernesse  
A herd of Tiges, I would scorn to cheat  
My glories from the sweat of others brows,

By

## *The Valiant Scot.*

By encountring the fierce beasts at second hand,  
When others strength had tam'd him, let me meet  
The Lion being new rowz'd, and when his eyes  
Sparkle with flames of indignation,  
I ha' not in the Academe of War  
So oft read Lectures, chief now to come lag,  
Ile ha' the leading of the Van or none.

*Gen.* Then none, you wrong us all,  
Men now are plac'd, and must not be dishonour'd.

*Wal.* So, dishonour'd.

*Gen.* Charge in the Reare for Gods sake, now to stand  
On terms of worth hazards the fate of all.

*Wal.* Well be't so then, the Reare, see you yon hill,  
Yonder i'le stand, and tho I should see Butchers,  
Cut all your throats like sheep, I will not stirre  
Till I see time my selfe.

*Gen.* Your pleasure, on,  
Each Leader spend his best direction. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Percy, and Bruce, Hertford, Sir Jeffrey,  
and Bolt, with Drums and Colours.*

*King.* Which is the fellow?

*Bo.* I am the party sir.

*Per.* Stand forth before the King,

*Jef.* Nay, he's no sheep-biter.

*King.* Didst thou kill *Wallace*?

*Bo.* Yes marry did I sir, if I should be hang'd here  
before yee, I would not deny it.

*King.* How didst thou kill him? hand to hand?

*Bo.* Hand to hand, as Dog-killers kill dogs, so I beat  
out his brains I'm sure.

*K.* Me thinks, thou shouldst not look him in the face.

*Bo.* No more I did, I came behind his back & felld him.

*King.* Art thou a Gentleman?

*Bo.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Bolt.* I am no gentleman borne, my Father was a poore Fletcher in Grubstreet, but I am a gentleman by my place.

*Kin.* What place?

*Bo.* A Iustices Clarke, sir *Jeffery Wiseacres.*

*Je.* My man, if it please your Majesty, an honest true Knave.

*Kin.* Give to sir *Wiseacres* Clark an hundred pounds.

*Je.* I thank your grace.

*Bolt.* God confound all your foes at the same rate.

*K.* But if this *Wallace*, sirra, be alive now,  
You and your hundred pound shall both be hang'd.

*Bolt.* Nay I will be hang'd ere I part from my money,  
Who payes, who payes?

*Enter Clifford.*

*Clif.* Charge, charge.

*K.* The news brave *Clifford.*

*Clif.* The daring *Scot* fuller of insolence then strength  
Stand forth to bid us battell.

*K.* Throw defiance back downe their throats, and of  
our Heralds

Northumberland the honor shall be thine, tell 'um  
We come to scourge their pride with whips of Steele,  
Their City hath from Iustice snatch'd her sword  
To strike their Soveraigne, who ha's turn'd the point  
Vpon their own breasts, tell 'em this.

*Per.* I shall. *Exit.*

*Cliff.* Where's noble *Bruce*?

*Bru.* Here.

*Cliff.* I have a message, but tis more honorable, sent  
to you too,  
The Herald saies that *Wallace* dares ye, his  
Spite is all at you, and if your spirit be great

## *The Valiant Scot.*

As his, you finde him in the reare.

*K.* Hang up that wiseacres, and the fool his man.

*Bolt.* My master, not me sir, I have a Recognizance of him

To stand betwixt me and the gallows.

*K.* A Kings word must be kept, hang 'em both.

*Bolt.* One word more good sir, before I go to this geere,

If a Kings word must be kept, why was it not kept, when he gave me the 100. li. wipe out one, I'll wipe out the other.

*Kin.* That jest hath sav'd your lives, let me see you fight to day.

*Jeff.* Bravely like Cocks.

*Bolt.* Now *Wallace* look to your coxcombe.

*Omn.* Move on.

*Enter to them the Scottish Army, and are beaten off.*

*King.* We have flesh'd them soundly.

*Cliff.* I would not wish to meet with braver spirits.

*K.* Stay, *Bruce*, what's yonder on the hill?

*Bru.* They are Collors.

*Kin.* Why do they mangle thus their Armies limbes? Whats that so farre off?

*Br.* Sure 'tis the Reare, where burns the black brand, Kindles all this fire, I meane the Traytor *Wallace*?

*King.* What turn'd Coward?

A dogge of so good mouth, and stand at bay?

If in this heat of fight we breake their ranks,

Presse through, and charge that devill, *Bruce* thy selfe.

*Bru.* To hell if I can chase him.

*Kin.* Charge up strong, harke, brave,

Let now our hands be warriors, not our tongues.

*Exeunt.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Enter the Scottish Army, General Grimsby,*

*Coming, Mentith.*

*A cry within. They flye, they flye.*

*Generall. The English shrink, knit all our nerves  
And fasten Fortunes offer.*

*Gri. Keep steady footing, the daye is lost if you stir,  
Stirre not, but stand the tempest.*

*Coming. I cry on,*

*Gen. And I.*

*Grim. So do not I, this starting backe is but an Eng-  
lish earth-quake, which to dust, shakes rotten towers,  
but builds the found more strong.*

*Gen. Lets on, and dare death in the thickest throng.*

*Enter the English Army, and encompasse them.*

*Grim. Did I not give you warning of this whirpoole  
For going too farre?*

*Ment. We are all dead men, yet fight  
So long as legges and Armes last.*

*King. In how quicke time  
Have we about you built a wall of brasse?  
Had he whom here you call your Generall  
A Souldier beene remarkable of great breeding,  
And now to be caught with lyme-twigs?*

*Generall. Keepe our ground.*

*Grim. If we must fall, fall bravely.*

*Ment. Wound for wound.*

*Alarum. Exeunt King and Bruce pursuing the Scots.*

*Clifford, Percy, Grimsby, and Generall stay.*

*Cliff. Take breath, I would not have the world rob'd*

H 2

of

## *The Valiant Scot.*

of two such spirits, poast to the King, and tell him that  
the noblest Harts of the whole heard are hunted to the  
toyle,

Aske whether they shall fall, or live for gaine.

*Messenger.* I shall.

*Exit.*

Charge.

*Enter Mentith at another doore.*

*Ment.* For honours sake come downe, and save thy  
Countrey.

*Wal.* Whose is the day?

*Ment.* Tis *Edwards*, come rescue  
Our Generall, and the noble *Grimsbey*.

*Wal.* Who?

*Ment.* Our Generall and stout *Grimsbey* are enclodd  
With quick-sets made of Steele, come fetch them off,  
Or all is lost.

*Wal.* Is the day lost?

*Ment.* Lost, lost.

*Wal.* Vnlesse the day be quite lost, Ple not stirre.

*Ment.* Tis quite lost.

*Wal.* Why then descend amaine, art sure tis lost?

*Ment.* Yes.

*Wal.* Then wee'll winne it againe.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Clif.* How now?

*Mes.* The King proclaimes that man a traytor  
That saves when he may kill.

*Cliff.* Charge them blacke day,  
The Lyon hunts a Lyon for his prey.

*A fight.*

*Enter*



## The Valiant Scot.

*Enter Wallace and Souldiers, beat off the English,  
the Generall, and Grimsby slaine.*

*Generall.* Too late.

*Wall.* Why then farewell,  
I'll make what haste I can to follow thee,  
*Bruce, Bruce,* I am here, 'tis *Wallace* calls thee,  
Dares thee.

*Bru.* Tho I nere stoopt unto a traitors lure,  
I scorne thine, why do'st thou fingle me,  
Yet turnst thy weapon downward to the earth?

*Wal.* Lets breathe and talke.

*Bru.* I'll parly with no traytor but with blows.

*Wal.* Ye shall have blows your guts full,  
I am no traytor.

*Bru.* Why 'gainst thy Soveraigne lifts thou then thy  
sword?

*Wal.* You see I lift it not.

*Bru.* Tell *Edward* to thy King.

*Wal.* Longshanks was never Soveraigne of mine,  
Nor shall whilst *Bruce* lives, *Bruce* is my Soveraigne,  
Thou art but bastard *English*, *Scotch* true borne,  
Th'art made a mastive 'mongst a heard of wolves,  
To weary those thou shouldst be the heard of.  
The fury of the battell now declines,  
And take my counsell, though I seeme thy foe,  
Wash both thy hands in bloud, and when anon  
The *English* in their Tents their deeds do boast,  
Lift thou thy bloody hands up, and boast thine,  
And with a sharpe eye note, but with what scorne,  
The *English* pay thy merit.

*Bru.* This I'll try.

*Wal.* Dar'st thou alone meet me in *Glasco-moore*,  
And there I'll tell thee more.

*Bru.* Thou hast no treason towards me?

*H. 3*

*Wal.*

## The Valiant Scot.

*VVa.* Here's my hand,  
I am cleare as innocence, had I meant treason  
Here could I worke it on thee, I have none.

*Bru.* In *Glasco-moore* I'll meet thee, fare thee well.

*VVa.* The time.

*Bru.* Some two houres hence.

*VVa.* There I will untie  
A knot, at which hangs death or Soveraigntie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the English Army.*

*Kin.* We have swe't hard to day.

*Cl.* T was a brave hunting. *Bolt offers to lay his*

*Kin.* Sit, some wine. *Coat under the king.*

Away in the field all fellows, whose is this?

*Bolt.* It was my Coat at Armes, but now tis yours at  
legges.

*King.* Away, why givest thou me a cushion?

*Bolt.* Because of the two, I take you to be the better  
man.

*King.* A souldiers coat shall never be so base  
To lye beneath my heele, th'art in this place  
My fellow, and companion, a health to all in *England.*

*Omn.* Let it come.

*Cliff.* Is not this he that kill'd *VWallace*?

*Bolt.* No fir, I am onely he that said so,  
As you sit, so did I lye.

*King.* Sirra, where's your master?

*Bol.* My master is shot.

*King.* How shot, where?

*Bol.* I'th backe.

*Clif.* Oh he ranne away.

*Bol.* No, my Lord, but his harnesse Cap was blowne  
off, and he running after it to catch it, was shot betweene  
necke and shoulders, and when he stood upright he had  
two heads.

*King.* Two heads how?

*Bolt.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Bolt.* Yes truly, his own head and the arrow head, it was twenty to one that *I* had not beene shot before him.

*King.* Why prethee?

*Bolt.* Because my Knights name being *Wiseacres*, and mine *Bolt*, and you know a fooles bolt is soon shot.

*Clif.* He ha's pind the foole upon his masters shoulder very handlomly.

*King.* Sirra, go seek your master, and bid him take order for burying of the dead.

*Bolt.* *I* shall Sir, and whilst he takes order for the burials of the dead, i'll take order for the stomacks of the living.

*King.* How fought to day our *English*?

*Per.* Bravely.

*King.* How the *Scots*?

*Clif.* The pangs of war are like to child-bed throwes  
Bitter in suffering, but the storme being past,  
The talk, as of scap't shipwrack sweet, doth taste,  
The death of the *Scotch* Generall went to my heart,  
He had in him of man as much as any,  
And for ought *I* think, his bloud was poorly sold  
By his own Countrymen, rather then sought by us.  
Had not the Reare where *Wallace* did command,  
Stood and given ayme, it had bin a day  
Bloudy and dismall, and whose hard to say,  
Sir, you shall give me leave to drink a health  
To all the valiant *Scots*.

*King.* *Clifford*, I'll pledge thee, give me my bowle.

*Clif.* Sir, *I* remembred *Wallace* in my draught.

*King.* *I* did not, so this cup were *Wallace* skull,  
I'd drinke it full with bloud, for it would save  
The lives of thousands.

*Clif.* *I* for your Kingdoms would not pledge it so.

*Per.* *I* would, no matter how a traitor falls.

*King.*

## The Valiant Scot.

*King.* Percy, ten thousand Crowns should buy  
That traitors head, if I could hav't for money.

*Clif.* I would give  
Twice twenty thousand Crowns to have his head,  
On my sword's point cut from him with this arme,  
But how? i'th field, nobly, hand to hand, not this straw  
To a hangman that should bring it me.

*King.* Let that passe,  
Wher's *Bruce*, our noble Earle of *Carrick*?

*Per.* I saw him not to day,

*Clif.* I did, and saw his sword  
Like to a Reapers Sicke, mow down the Scots.

*Enter Bruce.*

Here he comes.

*King.* Brave Armory, a rampant Lion within a field  
all Gules,

Where hast been *Bruce*?

*Bruce.* Following the execution which we held  
Three *English* miles in length.

*King.* Give him some wine, art not thirsty?

*Bruce.* Yes for *Scottish* blood, I never shall have  
Enough on't, the Kings health.

*Omnes.* Let come.

*Per.* How greedily yon Scot drinks his own blood!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*K.* If he should taste your bitternesse, 'twere not well.

*Bruce.* What's that ye all laugh'd at?

*Clif.* Nothing but a jest.

*Bruce.* Nay, good Sir tell me.

*King.* An idle jest, more wine for *Bruce*.

*Bruce.* No more, I have drunk too much,  
*Wallace* and I did parlee.

*Perf.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Per.* How in words?

*Bruce.* No *Percy*, I me no prater, 'twas with sword,  
Your laughing jest was not at me?

*Omnes.* Sir, no.

*King.* *Bruce* would fain quarrell,

*Bruce.* I ha done sir.

*King.* Peace, what Trumpet's that?

*(lif.* From the enemy ture.

*King.* Go learn.

*Enter Rugecroffe a Scottish Herald.*

*Ruge.* I come from *Wallace*.

*King.* So Sir, what of him?

*Ruge.* Thus he speaks.

He bids me dare you to a fresh battaile, by to morrowes  
sunne,

Army to Army, troupe to troupe, he challenges,

Or to save blood, fifty to fifty, shall the strife decide,

Or one to one.

*King.* A Herald to the traitor.

Go and thus speak, we bring whips of steele,

To scourge Rebellion, not to stand the braves

Of a base daring vassall, bid him ere that Sun

Which he calls up be risen, pay it and save

His Country and himselfe from ruine, charge him on his

To make his quick submission; if he slow the minutes,

Wee le proclaime in thunder his and his Countries ruine,

Gobe gon, Arme,

*Omnes.* Arme, Arme.

*King.* A Land that's sick at heart must take sharp pills,  
For dangerous physick best cures dangerous ills.

*Exeunt.*

# *The Valiant Scot*

Actus V.

*Enter Bruce and Clifford.*

*Bruce.* As you are a souldier, as y'are noble  
I charge you and conjure you to unclaspe  
A book in which I am graveld.

*Cliff.* Perhaps I cannot.

*Bruce.* Yes, if you dare you can.

*Clif.* Dare? *Clifford* dares.

Do any thing but wrong and what's not just.

*Bruce.* Then tell me sir, what was that bitter scorn,  
Which I like poyson tasted in my wine?

*Clif.* I care not if I doe, because I love vertue even in  
My enemy, the bowle of wine kissing your lip.  
Behold, quoth one how eagerly yon *Scot*,  
Drinks his own bloud.

*Bruce.* Yon *Scot* drinks his own bloud, which *Scot*?

*Clif.* Best wake some Oracle.

*Bruce.* Who brake the jest upon me?

*Clif.* Pray pardon me.

*Exit Clif.*

*Bruce.* The Oracle I'le wake is here, oh *Wallace*,  
I ne're had eyes till now, they were clos'd up  
By braving *English*, witchcraft drinks his own bloud,  
*England* my stepdame take my bitter curse,  
Thy own nails teare thy own bowels, oh my parent  
Dear *Scotland*, I no more will be a goad,  
Pricking thy sides, but if ere I draw a sword,  
It shall be double-edg'd with bloud and fire,  
To burn and drown this Kingdome and this King.

*Enter*



# *The Valiant Scot.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* My Generall

Charg'd me in privacie to give you these.

*Bruce.* Thanks noble *Clifford*, what did he bid thee say?

*Gent.* Nothing but so.

*Exit.*

*Bruce.* A pair of Spurs, *Bruce* nere was runaway,  
Twelve silver pence, oh bitter scorn, with *Judas*,  
I have betray'd my Master, my dear Country,  
And here's the embleme of my treachery,  
To hasten to some tree, and desperate die,  
Twelve sterling silver pence, sterling, ha sterling,  
'Tis a limbe of *Scotland*, spurs for flight,  
*Clifford*, i'lle thither, comment I wrong or right.

*Exit.*

*Enter Grimsby, Mentith, Coming, English  
Herald, and Rouge-crosse.*

*Ment.* Stay noble *Grimsby*, ere he further passe  
One of us certifie our Generall,  
Perhaps hee'l not admit him to his presence.

*Grim.* 'Tis like so, stay him here, that pains be mine.

*Com.* Let *Ruge-crosse* bring his pleasure.

*Grim.* Come agreed.

*Exeunt Grimsby, and Ruge-crosse.*

*Men.* You bring from *Longshanks* some strange mes-  
sage now.

*Com.* At least he sends his Gauntlet.

*Men.* Gauntlet, no the *English*

Fight not two dayes together, but like swaggerers,  
A fray being made up with a wound or so,  
The man whose throat before should have been cut,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Is a sworn brother, now we have mall'd your Nation,  
Thei'le fawn on us like Spaniels, will they not ?*

*Com.* And that's thy errand, ist not ?

*Ment.* Commonly, when *English* see at cuffs they are too weak, they fall to fishing, and then bait the hook with mercie, and the Kings pardon, at which who bites ha's his swallowing spoiled for ever, there's no *Scot* but scorns to hang his hope on your Kings promises, be it nere so smoothly gilded.

*Herald.* He gilds none sir.

*Ment.* I warrant he would pawn half his Dominions to shake hands with *Wallace*, and be friends.

*Com.* Had he but him in's Court, he would out-shine His capring gallants, he would dote on him, As *Jupiter* did on *Ganymede*, and make him His chief Minion.

*Herald.* Hee does already so really dote upon him, 'tis not yet the age of one houre since my Master sware to give ten thousand Crowns to *Scot* or *English*, that were so bold to bring him *Wallace's* head.

*Enter Ruge-crosse.*

*Ruge.* The *English* Herald.

*Exeunt Ruge and Herald.*

*Ment.* Ten thousand Crowns.

*Com.* Would make a faire shew in our purples Jack.

*Ment.* I could pick out five thousand heads,  
That I durst boldly sell him at that rate.

*Com.* Ten thousand Crowns.

*Ment.* I and Court wind-falls too,  
Some *English* Earldome or so, here is none but friends,  
Should you betray the conference, I care not,  
I would deny it, and I would orefway  
Your proofs tho neere so massie.

*Com.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Com.* It shall not need, beleeve me worthy *Mentith*,  
What here you locke is safe.

*Ment.* Shall we earne this *English* gold, tenthousand  
crownes?

*Com.* My hand.

*Ment.* They are ours, hee's dead.

*Com.* No more, he comes.

*Enter Wallace, Grimsbie, Herald.*

*Val.* I am to him no vassal, hee's a tyrant,  
So tell him, ere his frowne shall bend my knee,  
This shall be hang'd upon the gallow tree,  
For my appearance tell him this, I'le dyne  
On Christmas day next in his *English* Court,  
And in his great Hall at Westminster, at's owne boord,  
Wee'le drink *Scotch* healths in his standing cups of gold:  
His blacke Jackes hand in hand about his Court  
Shall march with our blew bonnets, we'le eate nothing  
But what our swords shall carve, to tell his Souldiers,  
Wee'le sit like Lords there whilst they rayle like slaves,  
Go with *Scotch* threats, pay backe your *English* braves.

*Grim.* Youle make the *English* mad. *Exit Herald.*

*Omn.* A brave defiance.

*Val.* Defiance,  
Lets mad them more, they shall not sleep to night,  
Good *Grimsbie* beat a drum, let bon-fires shine  
Through all our army, as if our Tents were burnt,  
And we dislodg'd, but recollect our troops  
Into an ordered bod, something wee'le do  
To make our Chronicles swell with *English* rue.

*Grim.* A Drum, call a Drum.

*Exit Grimsbie.*

*Va.* Oh sir *Iohn Mentith* I have crackt the Ice,  
To a designe, which if it will succeed,  
*England* no more shall strike, nor *Scotland* bleed.

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Ment. Com.* Lets be partakers, deare Sir.

• *Val.* What will you say, if I winne *Bruce* from the  
*English?*

*Ment.* The happiest day that ever shone on *Scotland.*

*Com.* And crowne him King?

*Val.* That's the up-shot must crowne all, I'm to  
meet him

Before one houre grow old in *Glasco-moore.*

*Ment.* How meet him?

*Wa.* As I am, both come alone, no words to any.

*Ment.* Our lips are seal'd.

*Com.* Will you ride, or go on foot?

*Wal.* No more, I'll ride.

*Ment.* Wee'll passe the wood on foot.

*Wal. Jack Mentish,* I do laugh to think what face,  
Longhancks wil make, when he shall heare what guests  
Will dine with him in's Court on Christmas day.

*Ment.* What face? he'll kill the Herald sure.

*Wal.* Oh! some charme for me to be invisible there,  
and see him.

*Ment.* For my part, of ten thousand crownes by this  
hand,  
I do wish you there.

*Com.* For as many of mine, I sweare.

*Ment.* Time may come,  
In his Exchequer we may share twice that summe.

*Wal.* Hence, hye you before, keep close in the wood,  
Breake forth if you spie treason, if not, not.

*Both.* Good.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Fryers Ghost.*

*Wa.* Ha, if what thou seem'st thou art, step forward,  
speake,  
I have fac'd more horrid terror.

*Fryer.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Fryer.* Whare do'st gang?

*Wall.* What's that to thee?

*Fryer.* I house not lest and lang,

Twa wolves will suiike thy bluide, by the third night,  
I charge thy lawle meete mine, thy death is dight.

*Wal.* Thou art a lying spirit,

*Fryer.* Bruce byn thy bane,

Gif on thou gang luke not turne backe againe,  
*Wallace* beweere, me thinks it thee should irke,  
Mare need hast thou to serve God in the Kirke.

*VVa.* Stay, if thou hast a voyce th'art bloud and bone,  
As I am, let me feele thee, else I'll thinke thee  
A forcerous imaginarie sound:  
Stand me, th'art some *English* damned witch,  
That from a reverend Fryer has stoln his shape  
To abuse me—stay—art gone? no Hagge I will not.  
It spake sure, told me Bruce should *Exit Ghost beckon-*  
be my bane,—cannot—shall not, *ing him to follow.*  
heaven knows such things onely.

*Enter old Wallace his Ghost.*

That eye hath shot me throw, wounds me to death,  
I know that face too well, but 'tis so gastly,  
I'll rather with my nayles here dig my grave,  
Then once more behold thee. *Exit Ghost.*  
Part from me vext spirit, my bloud turnes to water,  
I beseech thee affright me not—it's gone.

*Enter Peggies Ghost.*

*Peg.* Alace Scotland to wham salt thou compleyne,  
Alace, fra mourning wha sall the refayne?  
I thee beseeke and for him dy'd on tree,  
Come not nere Bruce, yet Bruce sall not hurt thee,  
Alace,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

Alace, alace, no man can stand 'gainst fate.  
The dampe dew fra the heaven does gyn to faw,  
I to my rest mim gange ere the Cock crawe.

*Wal.* It was my wife, what horror meete I here?  
No Armour in the world can hold out feare.

*Enter Grimsbie.*

*Grim.* We stay for your direction.

*Wal.* Whom did you meete?

*Grim.* No body.

*Wa.* Saw ye nothing?

*Grim.* Not any thing.

*Wa.* Twas my braines weaknesse then,  
I have seene strange fights, that anon I'll tell;  
If *Grimsbie* we meete never more, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Grim.* Ha, I am stricke dumbe, oh mans slippery fate!  
Milchiefes that follow us at our backs we shunne,  
And are stricke downe with those we dreame not on.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mentith, and Comyne.*

*Ment.* I have beside with *Wallace* sherife of life,  
Held private conference, who in Longshancks name,  
Who sweares to me we shall have good preferment,  
Beside the promist gold.

*Enter Wallace.*

*Com.* Peace, *Wallace* comes.

*Ment.* Is the *Bruyce* come?

*Wal.* It is not yet his houre.

*Ment.* Who came along with you?

*Wa.* My foot-boy onely, who is tying up my horse.

*Ment.* Him must I kill.

I'll looke if *Bruce* be in fight yet — *Exit.*

*Wal.* Do.

*Com.* Y'are sad.

*Wal.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*VVa.* My minde is shaken, but the storme is o're,  
*A cry, helpe, murder within.*

What cry is that?

*Ment.* Be arm'd, *Bruce* with a force comes to betray  
thee,

From some villaines hand thy foot-boy is murdered.

*Val.* Murdred? *Bruce* shall repent this deed.

*Both.* So shalt thou, away with him.

*Enter Souldiers, knocke him downe, hurry him  
away in a sound. Exeunt.*

*Enter Bruce muffled with a Souldier.*

*Bru.* Helpe to disguise me Souldier, in exchange  
Take these for thine, and here's some gold to boot.

*Soul.* If I be not hang'd, my Lord, in all my bravery,  
I care not.

*Bru.* Phew, I warrant thee,  
Seale up thy lips and eyes, thou neither seest  
Nor canst tell where I am.

*Soul.* Not I my Lord.  
Oh my poore wrong'd countrey, pardon me heaven,  
And with a feather pluck'd from mercies wing,  
Brush off the purple spots, that else would grow,  
Like freckles on my soule.

*Enter North and Clifford.*

*Soul.* My Lord, here comes company.

*Bru.* Here quicke mine own agen, and get thee gone.

*Per.* Sirra Souldier, saw'st thou the Earle of Hunting-  
ton?

*Soul.* Huntington?

*Cliff.* The Lord *Bruce*, I meane.

*Bru.* Who calst for *Bruce*?

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Per.* Muffled up, and alone, I'll to the King. *Exit.*

*Cliff.* Do, sirra be gone.

*Bru.* Whither's *Percy* gone? he ask'd for *Bruce*.

*Cliff.* There's great enquire for you.

*Bru.* By whom?

*Cliff.* The King has a fresh command for *Bruce*.

*Bru.* For me? he may command his Subjects.

*Cliff.* True, and *Huntington* is one.

*Bru.* Is none.

*Cliff.* No Subject?

*Bruce.* None that dare oppose your King, Oh my impostum'd spleene,

Will flie into their faces, what command  
Has *England* now?

*Clif.* Fresh powers are to be levied,  
Which *Bruce* of *Huntington* must leade.

*Bruce.* 'Gainst whom?

*Clif.* 'Gainst proud *Wallace*, 'gainst the *Scots*.

*Bruce.* I will not, I'm not his Butcher,  
'Gainst the *Scots* I will not fight.

*Clif.* How, will not?

*Bruce.* No, will not *Clifford*.

*Cliff.* Peace.

*Bruce.* My Lord, I dare not,  
In this last battell I receiv'd some wounds  
That yet bleed inward, I will no more banquet strangers  
With my native blood.

*Cliff.* *Bruce* speaks not like a subject.

*Bruce.* *English Edward* commands not like a King,  
Thrice honour'd *Clifford*, I'll trust you with my bosome.

*Clif.* No, you shall not.

My virgin honour is so chaste, it shall not  
Keepe companie with a disquiet bosome,  
Nor talke with discontents.

*Bruce*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Brn.* It shall not, I will but,  
Spare me, the ayre hath eares no more,  
You sent to me, I will but tell bold *Clifford*  
Not a word,  
My thoughts owe as much honour as their Lord.  
*Within traytor, traytor. Enter Mentith.*

*Enter King, North, Herefor, and followers.*

*King.* A mutinie, what noyse is't?

*Per. Mentith,* a Knight of *Scotland.*

*Cliff.* Keepe him off.

*King.* What com'st thou for?

*Ment.* Comyn my countryman and I have brought  
A jewell to your Highnesse, which if 'twere right  
As 'tis known counterfeit, 'twere worth a kingdome,  
Wearied with warre, and pittying the deep wounds  
Which fainting *Scotland* beares upon her breast,  
And knowing that the onely sword which gashes  
Her tender sides, is grip'd in *Wallace* hands,  
I in my love to peace, and to the safetie  
Of two great Nations, am the man that layed  
Snaires to entrap this monster, that devoures  
So many thousand lives, the Rebells rane.

*King.* Where is he?

*Ment.* I have brought him to your *English* Camp,  
Force would not doo't, but policie, we struck the Stagge  
To the ground, and thought him dead, but heaven put  
backe

The blow of purpose, hee's now come to life,  
From an astonishment when we thought him dead,  
To th'end the world may see the publique shame  
Of an Arch-traytor.

*King.* *Mentith* hath wonne fame,  
And honour by this act, fetch in this devill. *Exit Ment.*

## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Clif.* Thou wilt have *Englands* thanks, but *Scotlands* curle,  
Thou never hast done better, never worse,  
Damm'd *Indus* to thy Country-man and friend.

*Enter Wallace, Mentith, Comyn.*

*Wal.* Where am I?

*Brn.* Here with *Bruce*.

*Wal.* *Bruce* my Sovereigne?

My bloud is sold, this is not *Glasco-moore*,  
Some villaine hath betray'd me.

*Cl.* Speak to your country-men, *Comyn* and *Mentith*.

*Wal.* *Comyn* and *Mentith*?

Something it was that made the modest night  
Looke angry on the world, I this was it,  
And this was it that cleft my fathers grave,  
And rais'd him from his monumentall bed of earth  
To give me gentle warning, this was it,  
That made my starre, when all the rest look'd pale,  
Blush like a fiery Meteor, can Heaven winke at this?

*Ment.* It can, it doth, and at farre greater mischiefs.

*Wal.* Not of thy acting?

*Ment.* Yes of mine.

*Wal.* Not here.

*Ment.* Here or in Hell.

*Wal.* Why then goe act them there,  
Boast of them there, in that black Kingdome tell  
That by a true subject a base Rebelle fell.

*Kils him with his fist.*

*King.* Whats that?

*Clif.* Your *Scotch* jeweller is slain,

*King.* By whom?

*Clif.* By *Wallace*.

*Wal.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Wal.* Heare me speak King *Edward*.

*Clif.* Good my Liege heare him,

*King. Clif.* I have vow'd,

Neither to heare nor see him, drag him hence,

Mine eye shall nor be so compassionate

To view him, least I pitie him : hang, draw, and quarter him.

*Wal.* First heare me speak,

*King.* Drag him hence, and let that heart, those limbes,

Which were the motives to rebellious warre

Be torn asunder, cast upon that ground,

Which he with unkinde Steele so oft did wound,

Away with him.

*Wal.* Farewell, to all the World,

I ha met death too often to feare him now,

Only it grieues me that I have not freed

*Scotland* my native soile from tyranny,

*Bruce*, thou hast a Kingdome, lose it not.

*King.* Stop his throat.

*Wal.* I go to one too,

And on my grave, when death hath there down laid me,

Be this my Epitaph, mine own betrayes me ——— *Exit.*

*Bruce.* Let him have noble triall.

*King.* He shall have the triall of an Arch-traitour,

*Percy* and *Clifford* take hence *Bruce*.

*Bruce.* Me hence ?

*King.* You hence sir, from this houre I sweare,

Never to see thee Earle of *Huntingdon*,

Harke *Clifford*, and *Northumberland*, awa

*Bruce.* What is King *Edward's* meaning?

*King.* Your head shal feel our meaning, see it dispatch'd.

*Bruce.* You may. *Exeunt Bruce, North and Clifford.*

*Com.* My honor'd Lord, although untimely death,  
Hath taken hence one engine of that work,

## *The Valiant Scot.*

That brought that Rebell *Wallace* to his end.  
Seeing our Countries peace, and *Englands* good,  
Is by his death made perfect and compleat,  
I doubt not but the promised reward  
Of full ten thousand Crowns shall now remayn,  
To the Survivor.

*King. Comin*, I perceive  
It was reward, not love that acted it,  
But you shall have your due, of that anon. *A flourish.*

*Enter all in state.*

I told thee *Bruce*, that thou upon thy head,  
Shouldst feele our meaning, and that all the world,  
May know we value honour above conquest,  
Having a power able to turn all *Scotland*  
Into a Chaos, here twixt both our Armies,  
Give us thy oath of fealty, and weare  
Both Crown and title of thine Ancestors.

*Bruce. England* is full of honour, *Bruce* doth bend  
To thy command. *They crown him.*

*King. Give him his oath of fealty,*  
With him those Lords which are his Countrymen.

*They sweare, Bruce stabs Comin.*

*Bruce. Stand back,* a Serpent shall not with his breath  
Infect our Kingly eares, die slave, for he  
That would betray his friend shall nere serve me.

*King. What hath Bruce done?*

*Bruce. A sacrifice of honour and revenge, no traitors  
hand  
Shall help to lift a Crown up to my head,  
Thou didst betray, then die unpitied.*

*Clif.*



## *The Valiant Scot.*

*Clif.* Brave *Bruce*, I'le love thee for this honor'd act,  
Thou hast perform'd a noble piece of justice:  
Now shall the Ghost of *Wallace* sleepe in peace,  
And perfect love shall twixt these Lands increase.  
He hath his full reward for his foule treason,  
Drag hence the slave, and make him food for Crows,  
The Lamp that gave Rebellion light, hath spent  
The oile that fed it, all our spears are turn'd  
To Palmes and Olive branches, all our stars  
Are now made whole, peace is the balme of wars.]

**FINIS.**